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Leigh Hunt's Review
of Shelley's *Posthumous Poems*

By PAYSON G. GATES

ON the eighth day of July, 1822, Percy Bysshe Shelley's eventful life came to an untimely end as the *Don Juan* disappeared in a storm off Leghorn. His death, four weeks short of his thirtieth birthday, followed a six-day visit to Pisa to welcome to Italian soil his devoted friend Leigh Hunt and to renew their intimate association after a separation of four years. Shelley, "inexpressibly delighted" to see Hunt again, helped make him at home in his new surroundings and assisted him and his large family to settle in the ground-floor quarters set apart for them at Lord Byron's Pisa residence. With Hunt he exchanged news and confidences, explored the ancient city, and laid plans for the future.¹

Hunt's prime task in Italy was to set up and conduct a magazine (*The Liberal*) as a joint venture of Byron, Shelley and himself. High hopes, especially on Hunt's part, accompanied the birth of this project. Any vague doubts on the score of collaboration with Byron (whom Hunt had not seen in seven years, and

¹ "We talked of a thousand things, past, present and to come."—Leigh Hunt's *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries* (London, H. Colburn, 1828), p. 13. The references herein are to the first edition of that work.

with whom he never stood on terms of intimate friendship) were more than offset by an amply justified reliance on Shelley's wholehearted coöperation. During the year and a quarter just preceding Shelley's departure from England, he and Hunt had attained a community of opinion and understanding rare indeed in the annals of literary friendships. In social objectives, views on intellectual freedom, and literary tastes there was much in common. A high degree of personal compatibility served to strengthen the attachment. The record is replete with evidence of Hunt's admiration and affection for Shelley; on the other side one feels that the habitual salutation used in addressing Hunt—"My dearest Friend"—should be taken literally. It is Professor White's considered opinion that "except for [T. Jefferson] Hogg during a brief year of youth, Leigh Hunt was the best and fittest friend that Shelley ever knew."²

In one tragic moment this almost ideal companionship was swept away. Hunt's view of the magnitude of the disaster shows in a letter to Horace Smith: "Shelley, my divine-minded friend, your friend, the friend of the Universe—he has perished at sea." Without the conciliatory influence which Shelley could have brought to bear on his partners *The Liberal* was doomed. Wide differences of opinion, literary and personal, soon developed between Byron and Hunt. Despite efforts of friends in Italy and England the magazine passed from the scene after the issuance of four numbers. Adrift in a strange country, without funds, and under the necessity of providing support for an ailing wife and seven children, Hunt faced a situation of the utmost difficulty. The overwhelming sense of Shelley's loss hung over his life and prevented orientation to the changed circumstances.

Exactly when Hunt first attempted to put on paper a "tribute"³ to his friend Shelley is not indicated in the record. That such a writing was in existence before September, 1823, may be gathered from two sources: one, a letter to Hunt of September 18, 1823,

² Newman Ivey White, *Shelley* (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1940), I:502.

³ See footnote No. 7.

from Mary Shelley,⁴ then recently returned to London ("I know you have prepared an article [on Shelley]"); the other, an unpublished letter of the following day addressed to Hunt by his brother John (whom Mary had consulted): "Have you not got something of the sort [an account of Shelley] by you?" Both of these letters make reference to Mary's plan to have Hunt write a biographical notice for her proposed volume of her husband's poems. Subsequent letters of Mary to Hunt from that time until June of the following year touch on the subject no less than six times,⁵ but the notice was not forthcoming and Mary eventually proceeded without it.

The review with which we are presently concerned may include passages from the requested "biographical notice" (if such a notice were written); it may include material borrowed from the paper which Hunt had in progress earlier, and referred to here (in Hunt's word) as the "tribute." Neither of these writings has come to light as a separate essay. But the "review," as such, scarcely could have taken definite form prior to the publication by Mary of *Posthumous Poems* in June, 1824, and probably was not commenced before January, 1825.⁶ A clue to Hunt's inability to produce on schedule anything so close to his heart as an estimate of Shelley, is found in his letter to Arthur Brooke (John C. Claris) nine months after the publication of *Posthumous Poems*: "A tribute to the memory of my beloved friend I have long been getting together, but it costs me so much, that I am obliged to do [it] by driblets. I hope to finish it by next winter. A long criticism on his life & writings I have just sent off to a Review; but I am not certain it will appear."⁷ It is this criticism, or review, as revised, that is now published for the first time.

⁴ *The Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, edited by Frederick L. Jones (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1944), I:264.

⁵ *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I:275-294.

⁶ See a letter from Hunt to Elizabeth Kent in Luther A. Brewer's *My Leigh Hunt Library—The Holograph Letters* (Iowa City, University of Iowa Press, [1938]),

p. 139.

⁷ From an unpublished letter, March 12, 1825, in the Berg Collection, New York Public Library.

Our next word after the dispatch of the review to London comes from Mary Shelley who, by April 8, had received Hunt's paper from editor John Bowring of the *Westminster Review* and returned it to him. Mary writes to Hunt:⁸ "I have just finished reading your Article upon Shelley. . . . You may imagine that it has moved me deeply. . . ." She takes exception to four statements:

(1) "I have often heard our Shelley relate the story of stabbing an Upper Boy with a fork—but never as you relate it" This story Hunt removed.⁹

(2) "Shelley did not allow Harriet half his income—she received [from him] £200 a year." This statement remains in the manuscript (see page 15 of the text); it was not published in the chapter on Shelley in *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*, 1828.

(3) "I think if I were near you I could readily persuade you to omit all allusion to Claire." The references to Claire are found in the manuscript (see pages 17 and 18), but do not appear in *Lord Byron*.

(4) "I have without waiting to ask your leave, requested Mr. Bowring to leave out your mention that the remains of dearest Edward [Williams] were brought to England" This statement was not changed.

Mary closes the subject: "Such, my dear Hunt, are all the alterations that I have to suggest and I lose no time in communicating them to you—They are too trivial for me to apologize for the liberty—and I hope you will agree with me in what I say about Claire"

Soon after the receipt of Mary's letter Hunt must have learned of his prospective repatriation, about which he wrote optimistical-

⁸ *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I:316-317.

⁹ Probably the incident as told by Leigh Hunt differed little from that given by his son. See Thornton Hunt's *Shelley* in: *Atlantic Monthly*, XI:192 (February, 1863): ". . . on being dared to the act by the surrounding boys, he pinned a companion's hand to the table with a fork. According to my recollection, the immediate provocative was that he was dared to do it; but the incident arose out of his resistance to the seniors amongst the scholars and to the customs of the school."

ly to Vincent Novello on June 16.¹⁰ Three months elapsed, however, before the Hunts started homeward; two months went by after they reached England before Hunt's interest in the fate of the review is manifested in the record. On December 26 his relative by marriage, Roland Hunter, reports:

I have just seen Mr. Bowring He told me that the article could not be printed as he had shewn it to some of Mr. Shelley's most intimate friends and they had told him that the facts were not correct, that you were acquainted with only one part of Mr. Shelley's History & that the narrative was fabulous. The persons whom he mentioned as having seen the manuscript and as having given this opinion were Mr. Peacock, Mr. Coulson & Mrs. Shelley¹¹

This blunt statement spurred Hunt to action. Two days later he had received a letter of explanation and disclaimer from Mary Shelley:

You may remember that immediately on reading your Mss [manuscript] concerning our Shelley, I wrote to you thanking you for it and pointing out a few mistakes or omissions to be rectified or made, and I sent it back to Mr. Bowring with my approval. I could not therefore have spoken of it in the terms quoted as mine.—I afterwards found that Peacock had it & he mentioned to me a circumstance which I wondered had not struck me before—but which is vital. It regards Shelley & Harriet—where you found your reasoning on a mistake as to fact—they did not part by mutual consent—and Shelley's justification, to me obvious, rests on other grounds; so that you would be obliged to remodel a good part of your writing. Peacock was urgent that such a mistake should not pass, and on account of various arrangements with Sir T[imothy] S[helley] was unwilling that it should be printed. I should have wrote concerning this to you, but your speedy arrival was announced—and I delayed mentioning it till I saw you.—I have not seen Mr. Bowring or communicated with him on the subject since the note mentioned above. Peacock is in possession of the Mss.

The "arrangements" with Shelley's father were financial, and essential to the welfare of Mary and her son. The mistake of fact charged to Hunt has been discussed elsewhere.¹² Hunt's confi-

¹⁰ *The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, edited by Thornton Hunt (London, Smith, Elder & Co., 1862), I:246.

¹¹ Luther A. Brewer, *My Leigh Hunt Library—The Holograph Letters* (Iowa City, University of Iowa Press [1938]), p. 149.

¹² An article in the *Times Literary Supplement* (London, October 12, 1946), p. 500, makes the point that Hunt's statement should be read as a whole: "They [Shel-

dence in the correctness of his statement may be judged by its reiteration in *Lord Byron*, 1828, in the second edition of the same work, in the *Autobiography*, 1850; and in the revised edition of the latter book which appeared in 1860, all of which use precisely the same language.

Walter Coulson's participation in these proceedings has only recently been set forth.¹³ He acted merely as an intermediary between Thomas Love Peacock and Henry Southern of the *Westminster Review*, Bowring's associate editor to whom Hunt's article had been assigned.

"It was through me," writes Coulson to Hunt (December 27, 1825), "that Peacock communicated to Southern whom he does not personally know a *written* opinion against the publication, and with this opinion he stated (subsequently, I think) that Mrs. Shelley was satisfied. . . . It was on some traditional knowledge of this transaction that Mr. Bowring must have formed the jumble which attributes to me the absurdity of deciding whether a narrative I have not examined coincides with matters of fact which I have no means of being acquainted with. It is probable I think that Mrs. S. has given no opinion beyond the general acquiescence in Peacock's advice."

These letters indicate the limited rôles played by Mary Shelley and Coulson in the rejection of Hunt's article. Evidently the *Westminster* editors were persuaded by the representations of Peacock. Except, however, as to one point mentioned by Mary, the exact nature of his objections has not been disclosed.

How dependable is Hunt's account? As to incidents of Shelley's early years Hunt could contribute little from personal knowledge, nor does he pretend to do more. He met Shelley in

ley and Harriet] separated by mutual consent, *after the birth of two children*" (italics supplied)—that is, after November 30, 1814, when Charles was born (see the text of the review, p. 15). This "separation" is quite a different event than the earlier "parting" to which Mary's letter evidently refers.

¹³ *Times Literary Supplement* (London, November 8, 1947), p. 577, in a letter from Mr. Henry Tyler.

1811, but close friendship developed only near the close of the year 1816. From that time until Shelley left England (March, 1818) they were on intimate terms, frequently in daily contact, sometimes living under the same roof for weeks on end. When Shelley settled in Italy he kept up a voluminous correspondence with his friend. To what extent Hunt's story stems from his conversations with Shelley during their last few days together, how much came from Mary Shelley when she lived with the Hunts in Italy, what part may have been played by the "documents" to which Hunt refers—these are matters perhaps never to be determined. Esteem for his friend necessarily would have produced a sympathetic account; no one having an idea of the nature of Hunt's zeal and devotion would expect anything else. At the same time no one familiar with Hunt's intellectual integrity and his conscientious application to any serious writing task, would look for less than a scrupulously honest and exact presentation by him of fact and opinion. If mistakes have crept in we may be sure that they are due neither to wilfulness nor to carelessness.

Time seems to work in Hunt's favor. For example, the recently published *Mary Shelley's Journal*¹⁴ confirms in almost every detail Hunt's picture of Shelley's life at Marlow, and the books mentioned by him as having been read by Shelley at that time appear without exception in Mary's entries.

The major portion of the review which follows appears in revised form in the chapter on Shelley in *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*, 1828. The arrangement of subject matter there is quite different, however, and a comparison of the manuscript with the book discloses innumerable differences in detail even where the two versions agree in substance. Elsewhere the review contains material which has not heretofore been published—in particular, the opening paragraph, the third paragraph, the passages (page 12) dealing with Solomon's Song, and the stric-

¹⁴ *Mary Shelley's Journal*, edited by Frederick L. Jones (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1947).

tures, later modified, on a "northern magazine"—*Blackwood's*, of course—(page 15 of the present text). Probably the most surprising portion of the manuscript is that appearing on page 17 of the text, commencing "At one time, Lord Byron & he were said to be living with two sisters." Hunt, upon reconsideration, might have deleted these remarks without Mary Shelley's prompting; certainly any public statement on this score—however well-intentioned—would seem to be a tactless invasion of the private lives of Mrs. Shelley and Claire Clairmont. It should be remembered, though, that Hunt believed firmly in meeting scandal-mongers head-on, and had done so more than once when his own reputation was assailed.

Notably absent from the manuscript is any reference to the discovery in the pocket of Shelley's jacket of Keats' *Lamia*—the copy which Hunt presented to his friend a day or two before the fatal voyage. The Shelley chapter of *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries* incorporates Trelawny's long "Narrative," where the book plays a part in the identification of Shelley's remains: "Mr. Keats's last volume of *Lamia*, *Isabella* &c. being open in the jacket pocket, confirmed it beyond a doubt."¹⁵ It is strange that Hunt's sense of dramatic values did not prompt him to mention in his review either the discovery of the volume or its cremation on Shelley's funeral pyre.

The recent history of the manuscript is simple. It belonged to the late H. Buxton Forman.¹⁶ In 1920 when his library came to the Anderson Galleries of New York for disposal, the manuscript was catalogued as item No. 494 of Part II. On April 27, 1920, it was sold at the Galleries to Walter M. Hill of Chicago, who acted as agent for that ardent collector, Luther A. Brewer, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. After Mr. Brewer's death it passed with his other literary properties to the Luther A. Brewer Leigh Hunt Collec-

¹⁵ *Lord Byron*, 1828, p. 197.

¹⁶ Forman *probably* obtained it, as he did similar autographic material, from Townshend Mayer, who in all likelihood received it from one of the Leigh Hunt family.

tion of the State University of Iowa Libraries, from which permission to publish has been received.

The manuscript is entirely in Leigh Hunt's hand. It consists of fifteen sheets (that is, twenty-seven pages containing writing, and three blank pages) all $8\frac{1}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{4}$ inches, in a reasonably good state of preservation. Three full pages as well as several shorter passages have been rewritten by the author, and the presence of both versions gives rise to some doubt as to which copy should be used. The editor has resolved these points according to his judgment; in any case the differences in the alternative readings, except for two or three sentences, are slight. Only one short section seems to be missing from the review up to the point indicated on page 28 of the present text. This missing portion of about one hundred seventy words (see page 24) has been supplied from the text of the first edition of *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*, 1828. The same publication has been drawn upon for four short passages where deletions and minute interlineations, or minor defects in the manuscript, make it necessary to look to another source for the author's probable words rather than to sacrifice continuity. These substitutions amount to less than ninety words, and are identified in each instance by underscoring.

A few missing words have been supplied where they seem clearly to fit the context. These are shown in brackets. Where the manuscript is undecipherable open brackets have been used. Several omissions by the author are indicated by footnotes. Punctuation conforms to the original except in the author's abundant use of commas, some thirty of which have been dropped because they seemed likely to impede the reader rather than to aid him.

Beginning at the middle of page 28 (where the manuscript comes to an abrupt end), the editor has reprinted the text of the last seventeen pages of the Shelley chapter in *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*, 1828, which consists largely of Hunt's criticism of Shelley's poetry and generous extracts from the *Posthumous Poems*. Undoubtedly these quotations and comments

formed the concluding portion of Leigh Hunt's review. Conjecturally, this section of the manuscript was detached, slightly revised, and sent to the publisher of *Lord Byron*.

The purpose throughout has been to present Hunt's article as nearly as possible in the form in which he was prepared to publish it in 1825, subject to corrections based on an examination of the manuscript by Mary Shelley. Hunt, in fact, thought his review *had* been published. Writing to his sister-in-law, Miss Kent, on July 12, 1825, he gave explicit directions for remitting the proceeds to Italy: ". . . I suppose the article has now appeared. It irks me to be paid for such a subject; but what can I do? *He* would have wished I should."¹⁷

The review follows:

Posthumous Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley. 8vo. pp. 400.

London, 1824. J. & H. L. Hunt.

We should pay an ill compliment to the readers of this publication if we apologized for treating the memory of any body with candour, much less of one who was anxious for the good of mankind, and who underwent more than the ordinary calumnies attendant upon that provoking superiority. His enemies have not yet done with Mr. Shelley. His friends have angered them the more, in proportion as they bring forward the romantic evidences of his virtue. And indeed there are many persons, not equally aware of such an infirmity, whose willingness to believe is a good deal put to the test by stories of this nature. We do not, without uneasiness, become sensible of the numerous occasions we have let slip of doing good, or receive the lesson taught us by the history of those who have at once been lofty in theory, and attentive to the most neglected duties of practice; who have acted up to the highest notions of friendship, & played the part of the good Samaritan in streets & villages. For our parts, however we may differ with Mr. Shelley in some important points of speculation, & however aware we are that the dangers hazarded by temperaments of his enthusiastic description did actually result from it in one or two instances in his outset in life, we heartily believe every one of the stories told by his friends. We do not pretend to be actually better disposed than the majority; but we undertake, from the nature of our studies, to know

¹⁷ *My Leigh Hunt Library—The Holograph Letters*, p. 142.

a little more of what the members of society owe to one another, and to have a little more faith in the virtues of some, & the capabilities of all. In the following account of the author of the work before us, we shall refer to some of the good actions recorded of him, bring forward others still better, and at the same time not shrink from noticing the points upon which he was really mistaken, or upon which his enemies have founded their grossest attacks. If this does not silence their hostility, it will at least shew the nature of the pretended grounds of it; & be a convincing proof how well his memory can afford to be treated with impartiality.

Mr. Shelley's comfort was a sacrifice to the perpetual contradiction between the pretensions of society & their practice; between "the shews of things, and the desires of the mind." Temperament & early circumstances conspired to make him a reformer, at a time of life when few begin to think for themselves; and it was his misfortune, as far as immediate reputation was concerned, that he was thrown upon society with a precipitancy & a vehemence, which rather startled them with fear for themselves, than allowed them to become sensible of the love & zeal that impelled him. He was like a spirit that had darted out of its orb, and found itself in another planet. This was the idea we entertained of him during his life. When we heard of his death, it seemed as if this spirit, not sufficiently constituted like the rest of the world to obtain their sympathy, yet gifted with a double portion of love for all living things, had been found dead on a solitary shore of the earth, its wings stiffened, its warm heart cold; the relics of a misunderstood nature, slain by the ungenial elements.

That so much benevolence however has not been without its effect,—that the very extremes Mr. Shelley went to, whatever their consequences to himself, or however desirable only as exceptions to common rules, have not been unattended with a good peculiar to their nature, & due to the exceeding honesty of their intentions, we shall endeavour to shew before we have finished this article. At present we shall offer the reader some account [of] the life & death of this extraordinary person, taken from the most authentic sources, & from documents now lying before us.

Mr. Shelley was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart. of Field Place, Sussex, & was born .¹ It is difficult, under any circumstances, to speak with proper delicacy of the living connexions of the dead; but it is not out of the limits of proper English decorum to observe, what, indeed, our readers may know already, that the family connexions of Mr. Shelley belong to a small party in the H[ouse] of C[ommons] belonging to an-

¹ Blank in MS. The date of Shelley's birth was August 4, 1792.

other party. [To a man] of genius, endowed with a metaphysical acuteness to discern truth & falsehood, and a strong sensibility to give way to his sense of it, such an origin, however respectable in the ordinary point of view, was not the very luckiest that could have happened to him, for the purpose of keeping him within ordinary bounds. With what feelings is philosophical *Truth* to open its eyes upon the world among the most respectable of our party gentry? among licensed contradictions of all sorts? among the Christian doctrines & the carnal practices, among fox-hunters & their chaplains, among placements, among livings for younger sons, among benefited loungers, noli-episcoparian bishops, rakish old gentlemen, and more startling young ones, who are old in the folly of *knowingness*? In short, among all those² professed demands of what is right and noble, mixed with real inculcations of what is wrong & hypocritical, which Mr. Bentham has so admirably exposed in his book on the Church of England.

Mr. Shelley began to think at a very early age, & it was upon these subjects that his thoughts were turned. One of the first things that posed his infant philosophy was the reading those gratuitous arguments at the heads of the chapters in Solomon's Song; a production, which not content with its being what it is, a beautiful amatory poem, the church has thought fit to interpret into a compliment to itself. Mr. Shelley was at first inclined to believe that a church, that is to say, an edifice with a steeple, such as he saw in his native village, was capable of inspiring an attachment beyond that of the rector; & that the lover (whose name we hold in too much reverence to couple with so ludicrous an image) used to sit looking at it with "eyes of youth." But finding that this conclusion was not to be tolerated, that the love was not the love he heard spoken of at squires' tables, that the church though a lady was no lady, & the lover Solomon yet not Solomon, in short, that words were one thing and the truth another, he began to [discover] that this perplexity of ideas was not confined to fiction & allegory. He saw that at every step in life some compromise was demanded between a truth which he was directed not to violate, & a colouring & double-meaning of it which forced him upon the violation. Doubtless, there are numbers of youth who discern nothing of this, & become respectable tellers of truth notwithstanding. There are the honourable part of the orthodox, decent fathers & husbands, conscientious clergymen, respectable men in various walks of life, who, thinking they abide by the ideas that have been set before them, really have very few ideas of any thing, & are remarkable for affording specimens of every kind of commonplace, comfortable or [un-

² As the manuscript is torn at this point and the text not clear, a slightly longer passage from *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries* has been substituted.

happy]. On the other hand, numbers of [young men] get a sense of this confusion, if not with a direct and logical consciousness, yet with an instinct for turning it to account. Even some of these turn out decent members of society, upon the same principle that a heathen priest would eschew the vices of his mythology. But how many others are spoilt for ever. How many victims to this confusion of truth and falsehood, apparently [] but really callous or unhappy, flourish in all quarters of what is called "the world"! men who profess opinions which contradict their own, takers of oaths which they ought not to abide, subscribers of articles which they doubt or even despise, verbal denouncers & practical admirers of the [] expedient statesmen, ready hirelings of power, sneering disbelievers in good, teachers to their own children of what has spoilt themselves, and has rendered their existence a dull and selfish mockery.³

With this jumble of truth and falsehood in his head, & a genius born to detect it, Mr. Shelley was sent to Eton, & afterwards to .⁴ At Eton he revolted against the system of fagging, which he found neither in his catechism nor in his notions of justice. [] he was removed in consequence. At ⁴ he discovered that he had assented to some propositions, without examining them, & these being eulogiums [of] the truth which he had been told to accept [?] he drew up a series of logical propositions requesting a demonstration. His answer was expulsion.

Conceive a young man of this character, with no better experience of the kindness and sincerity of those whom he had perplexed by his arguments, thrown out upon the world to form his own judgements, and pursue his own career. It was *Emilius out in the World*, but formed by his own tutorship. There is a novel under that title, written by the German, La Fontaine, which has often reminded us of him. Another, by the same author called *The Reprobate*, still more resembles him in some particulars of his life. His way of proceeding was entirely after the fashion of those guileless but vehement hearts, which not being well answered by their teachers, and finding them hostile to enquiry, add to a natural love of truth all the passionate ardour of a generous and devoted protection of it. Mr. Shelley had met with Mr. Godwin's Political Justice, & he seemed to breathe for the first time in an open & bright atmosphere. He resolved to square all his actions by what he conceived to be the strictest justice, without any consideration of the opinions of those whose little exercise of that virtue towards

³ The passage has been left unfinished; the underscored words are borrowed from *Lord Byron*.

⁴ Curiously, Hunt has twice written "Cambridge" in the MS.; then crossed out the word without substituting "Oxford."

himself ill fitted them, he thought, for better teachers, and as ill warranted him in deferring to the opinions of a world whom they guided. That he did some extraordinary things in consequence, is admitted. That he did many noble ones, & all with sincerity, is well known to his friends, & will be admitted by all honest & sincere persons. Let those who are so fond of exposing their own natures by attributing every departure from ordinary conduct to bad motives, ask themselves what conduct would be more extraordinary in their eyes, and at the same time less attributable to a bad motive, than the rejection of a great estate for the sheer love of a principle. Yet this is Mr. Shelley. He had only to become a Yea & Nay man in the House of Commons, to be one of the richest men in Sussex. He declined it, & lived upon a comparative pittance. Even the fortune which he must ultimately have inherited as secured to his family was petty to it. We will relate another anecdote, which the conventional will not find it so difficult to find fault with. It trenches upon that extraordinary privilege to indulge one sex at the expense of another, which they guard with so jealous a care, & so many hypocritical faces. The question, we allow, is weighty. We are far from saying it is here settled. But very far are they themselves from having settled it as their own writings & writhings, their own statistics, morals, romances, groans, and even jokes, will testify. The case was this: Mr. Shelley was present at a ball, where he was a person of some importance. Numerous village ladies were there, old & young; & none of the passions were absent, that are apt to glance in the eyes, & tattle in the tongues, of similar gatherings together of talk & dress. In the front were seated all the rank & fashion of the place. The virtues diminished as the seats went backward: and at the back of all, unspoken to, but not unheeded, sat blushing a damsel who had been seduced. We do not know by whom; probably by some well-dressed gentleman, who thought himself entitled nevertheless to the conversation of the most flourishing ladies present, and who naturally thought so, because he had it. That sort of thing happens every day. It was expected the young squire would take one of the ladies out to dance. What is the consternation, when they see him making his way to the back benches, & handing forth, with an air of tenderness, the object of all the virtuous scorn of the room; the person whom that other gentleman, wrong as he had been towards her, and "wicked" as the ladies might have allowed him to be towards the fair sex in general, would have shrunk from touching? Mr. Shelley, it was found, was equally unfit for school tyrannies, for universities, & for the chaste orthodoxy of squires' tables. So he went up to town.

The philosophic observer will confess that our young author's experi-

ences in education, politics, & gentlemanly morality, were not of a nature to divert him from his notions of justice, however calculated to bring him into trouble. Had he now behaved himself pardonably [in the eyes of] the orthodox, he would have gone to London with the resolution of sowing his wild oats, & becoming a decent member of society; that is to say, of seducing a few milliners, or at least haunting the lobbies, & then bestowing his diminished ardour upon some young lady of his own rank in life, & settling into a proper Church & King man, perhaps a member of the Suppression of Vice. This is the proper routine, & gives one a right to be didactic. Alas! Mr. Shelley did not do so; & bitterly had he to repent, not that he did not do it, but that he married while yet a stripling, & that the wife whom he took was not of a nature to appreciate his understanding; or perhaps to come from contact with it uninjured in what she had of her own. They separated by mutual consent after the birth of two children. Mr. Shelley, with a sense of justice which many of his enemies would think romantic, allowed her half his income; & proceeded, in the spirit of Milton's doctrines, to pay his court to another lady. On returning from a tour to the continent, he resided at Bath; & there the news came to him, that his wife had just destroyed herself. It was a heavy blow to him; & he never forgot it. A northern magazine, which riots in a sort of debauchery of accusation, delighting in trying to pull down every one to its own pitch of infamy, & in repeating the grossest charges in the grossest words, as if it wished to make out that the vices of its own writers were the commonest things going,—has taken advantage of this passage in Mr. Shelley's life to shew its total ignorance of his nature, & to harrow up, we should think, the feelings of every person that ever was connected with him, by the most wanton promulgation of names and the most odious falsehoods. Luckily, its habitual contempt of truth, & the character of convicted felony which it has long attained, serve to refute it with all those whose opinion is worth having: so leaving the calumnies in this natural sink, to which all calumnies & falsehoods tend, we resume our remarks with the honourable & the decent. As little shall we dwell upon the conduct of one or two persons of better repute, who instead of being warned against believing every malignant rumour by the nature of their own studies, and as if they had been jealous of a zeal in behalf of mankind which they had long been accused of merging in selfishness, did not disdain to forward the gossip of the scandalous as far as other countries, meeting a man with ⁵ who was yearning with the love of his species, and confounding times, places, & circumstances, in the eagerness of their paltry credulity. Nobody could lament the catastrophe

⁵ Blank in MS.

more bitterly than Mr. Shelley. For a time it tore his being to pieces; nor is there a doubt, that however deeply he was accustomed to reason on the nature & causes of evil, & on the steps necessary to be taken for opposing it, he was not without remorse for having not better exercised his judgement with regard to the mind he had allied himself with, and risked a premature independence of conduct in one unequal to the task. The lady was greatly to be pitied; & so was the survivor. Let the school-tyrants, the university refusers of argument, and the orthodox sowers of their wild oats, rise up in judgement against him. For our parts, we confess we are for going on in the ordinary road with regard to the relationships of society, and letting reform come through the medium of gradual persuasion & adoption. But this shall not hinder us from doing justice to sincerity wherever we find it; or induce us to damn [and] blast the memory of a man of genius & philanthropist for one painful passage in his life, which he might have avoided had he been no better than his calumniators.

On the death of this volatile & unfortunate lady, Mr. Shelley married the daughter of Mr. Godwin, and resided a while at Great Marlowe in Buckinghamshire, where he was a blessing to the poor. His charity, though liberal, was not weak. He enquired personally into the wants of petitioners; visited the sick in their beds, (for he had walked the hospitals on purpose to be able to practise on occasion); and kept a regular list of industrious poor, whom he assisted with small sums to make up their accounts. Here he wrote the *Revolt of Islam*. His *Queen Mab* was an earlier production and never published with his consent. He regretted the publication when it took place, & stated as much in the newspapers, considering it a crude performance, and as not sufficiently entering into the important questions it handled. His friend Mr. Leigh Hunt, who had first won his regard by the unusual mode of advising him not to print a volume of juvenile poems, had lately renewed his acquaintance with him, & has left an interesting account of his mode of life. Mr. Shelley, owing no doubt to the freedom of his enquiries into celibacy & other questions of that nature, was said to be keeping a seraglio; & his friend, who partook of some of his opinions, partook of the scandal. This keeper of a seraglio, who in fact was extremely difficult to please on such matters, and who had no idea of love unconnected with sentiment, lived like a hermit. He rose early in the morning, walked & read before breakfast, took that meal sparingly, wrote & studied the greater part of the morning, walked & read again, dined on vegetables (for he took neither meat nor wine), conversed with his friends (to whom his house was ever open), again walked out, drank tea, & generally read to his wife till ten o'clock, when he went to bed. His book was generally *Plato*, or *Homer*, or

one of the Greek tragedians, or the Bible; in which last he took a great, though peculiar, and often admiring, interest. Some alarmists at Marlowe said that if he went on at this rate, he would make all the poor people infidels. He went on, till ill health & calumny forced him abroad. During his residence at Marlowe he published a "Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote" throughout England; for which purpose, as an earnest of his sincerity, he offered to contribute a hundred pounds. This hundred pounds (for his liberal habits allowed him ill to spare it otherwise) he would have done his best to supply, by saving & economizing. It was not uncommon with him to give away all his ready money, & be compelled to take a journey on the top of a stage, no matter during what weather. His constitution, though naturally consumptive, had attained by temperance and exercise to a surprising power of resisting fatigue & the elements. At this period, & till the latter could well afford to dispense with it, he gave a literary friend of his, out of no very large income, a hundred a year. But the princeliness of his disposition was seen most in his behavior to his friend Mr. Leigh Hunt, the gentleman to whom with such an enthusiasm of attachment he has dedicated the tragedy of the Cenci. Mr. Hunt, who felt the attachment on his side with greater ardour, if possible, & who cherishes his friend's memory as a thing sacred, takes a delight in telling those who he thinks will know how to estimate such a friendship, that Mr. Shelley once made him a present of fourteen hundred pounds, to extricate him from debt. "I was not extricated," says Mr. Hunt, "for I had not yet learnt to be careful, but the shame of not being so, after such friendship, and the pain which my friend felt afterwards when I was in trouble & he was helpless, were the first causes of my thinking of money matters to any purpose. His last sixpence was ever at my service, had I chosen to take it; his house in Italy would have been shared with me, had I chosen to go. I went to that country at last, with happy views for all; & of the three who set up a work in behalf of mankind, am the only one that survive."

It was to Italy, that Mr. Shelley went from Marlowe. He had become acquainted with Lord Byron in a former visit to the continent. The acquaintance was now renewed. Scandal followed in both instances, as a matter of course. At one time, Lord Byron & he were said to be living with two sisters. Then Mr. Shelley was living with them himself. Then every body else was living, gentleman with lady; & all who were coming, were to live. Whatever were the theories of Mr. Shelley or some of his friends on matters of sexual intercourse (and certainly Lord Byron did not deal in theories of this kind, whatever was his practice) there was not a word of truth in all these stories. In the first place, the ladies alluded to were not

sisters, though in the habit of calling one another so because their parents had married; secondly, they lived with nobody in the manner supposed; thirdly, one of them, affected by these calumnies, & by a misplaced, but not domestic attachment, went to reside in another part of the country, where she got rid of it. It is surprising, with what volubility people will consent to talk of the conduct of others, & how ignorant they are, all the while, both of their faults and their virtues. We have good authority for asserting that Mr. Shelley had not a friend in Italy, from first to last, of many points of whose character and conduct, as well as his own, the gossiping part of the world has not been led to make an estimate equally false & ridiculous. It might be supposed, that the more prominent a man's actions the less they would be misinterpreted. But not so. Lord Byron, for instance, has been the least understood of all. We will venture to affirm, that of all the histories & characters of that extraordinary person that have appeared in newspapers, magazines, & separate publications, there is not a single one that does not contain suppositions [?] ludicrously wide of the mark. We have ever observed that this is more particularly the case, in proportion as the writer claims a superiority of information. Facts themselves (a word as much abused as any other and as liable to false application) are not to be depended upon, unless the observer brings with him a spirit perfectly honest as well as scrutinizing; like that, for example, of Colonel Leicester Stanhope; and even he may err when he takes for granted what is told him by others. Mr. Leigh Hunt, in the accounts of his intercourse with Lord Byron, complains that an erroneous impression is left upon the public mind with regard to the share which his Lordship took in the *Liberal*. The contributions of the Noble Lord have been represented as so many gifts to Mr. Leigh Hunt, & the publication as taking place solely for his benefit: whereas, though it is true that he was the only one of the editors, who either did, or was to reap profit from it up to a certain period, his Lordship undoubtedly looked for considerable returns from the work ultimately, & was not a little disappointed that the first number made him lower his expectations.

But we shall be led into matters foreign to our subject.—Mr. Shelley passed his time abroad in his usual quiet & retired manner. He visited Lord Byron at Venice, but it was only latterly that he saw much of him when they both lived in Pisa. He had the highest admiration of his Lordship's genius; but they differed, as might be expected, on many points. Lord Byron thought his philosophy too spiritual & romantic. Mr. Shelley thought his Lordship's too material & despairing. The Noble Lord had the highest opinion of his virtues & want of selfishness. An account has been published

of a voyage to Sicily, which is an impudent fabrication—voyage & all. Every body who knew Mr. Shelley knew it to be so, the moment they saw him accused of want of courage. His bravery was remarkable, & was the ultimate ruin of him. In a scuffle that took place in the streets of Pisa with a hot-headed dragoon, Mr. Shelley behaved with a courage so distinguished, & with so much thought for every body but himself that Lord Byron wondered what the principle was that could induce a man to prefer any other person's life in that manner before his own. The answer was to be found in their different views of human nature. Mr. S[helley] would have lost his life with pleasure to set an example of disinterestedness: Lord Byron could do striking public things; Greece, and an admiring public, echo with them; but the course of his Lordship's studies had led him to require that they should have other stimulants.

We are drawing to the melancholy close of this narrative. It was a few months after this period, & while Mr. Shelley was residing for the summer season at a house on the Gulf of Lerici, that Mr. Leigh Hunt arrived in Italy to set up the above-mentioned work with him & Lord Byron. Mr. Shelley, accompanied by Mr. Williams, formerly of the 8th Dragoons, who was then on a visit to him, came to Leghorn to welcome his beloved friend, and see him comfortably settled at Pisa. He slept in his friend's apartments in that city on the night of the ⁶; and took leave of

him, on the following night, to return with Mr. Williams next day to Lerici. In a day or two the voyagers were missed. The afternoon of the

⁷ had been suddenly stormy, with violent gales from the south-west. A night succeeded broken up with that thunder & lightning, which appalls the stoutest seaman in the Mediterranean, dropping its bolts in all directions more like melted brass, or liquid pillars of fire, than any thing we conceive of lightning in our northern climate. The suspense and anguish of their friends need not be dwelt upon. All their fears were too fatally confirmed. In the course of a few days, during which every enquiry & every fond hope was exhausted, news arrived that the bodies of Mr. Shelley and his friend were found on the sea-coast; the former in the Gulf of Spezia; Mr. Williams's at the mouth of the river Serchio. The body of the young seaman who was with them was not discovered till nearly three weeks afterwards, off the coast of Massa. Mr. Shelley's friends were not without suspicion that the boat had been purposely run down by a larger one, with a view to plunder it, as he was known to have taken money on board. Crimes

⁶ Blank in MS. The date, presumably, was the sixth of July.

⁷ Blank in MS.; "eighth" appears in later accounts.

of that nature had occurred often enough to warrant such a suspicion; & could be too soon washed out of the consciences of the ignorant perpetrators by confession. But it was lost in the more probable fears about the weather. The captain of a fishing vessel, who had been overtaken by the storm declared that he witnessed the sinking of the boat without a possibility of saving her. It was a boat of 24 feet long, schooner-rigged, with gaff top-sails, &c., & drew four feet water. A captain in the navy had built her for Mr. Shelley at Genoa. There were two tons of ballast on board; & it is supposed, that being taken suddenly by a violent squall under a press of canvas, with all the sails fast, and having no deck, and but three persons in her, she filled to leeward, & went down in an instant. The boat was afterwards found, & brought up. The fatal spot was in the centre of the Gulf of Spezia, fifteen or sixteen fathom water, about five miles from shore. It is a place very dangerous [especially(?)] during these sudden squalls; & the squalls are numerous. One anecdote [] would suffice to shew the reason they had for loving him. Among the tormenting conjectures respecting the fatal moment, it was remarked & agreed by them all, that his last thoughts were undoubtedly for them, & not for himself. One bitter consolation was, that his death was of a nature that he would have preferred to many others. A reflection, more pleasing, reminded them, that in the rapid decomposition which his remains underwent, partly at sea & partly at the funeral pile, the mortal part of him was saved from that gradual corruption, which he seems to have contemplated with a dislike proportionate to his imagination.

Calumny, which never shews itself grosser than in its accusation of want of refinement, did not spare even the disinterment & burning of the remains of these gentlemen. Their friends, though the circumstance did not transpire by their means, were accused of wishing to make a sensation; of doing a horrible & unfeeling thing, &c. The truth turns out to be, as others might conclude, that the nearest connexions of the deceased wished to have their remains interred in regular places of burial; & that for this purpose they could be removed in no other manner. This being the case, it is admitted that the mourners did not refuse themselves the little comfort of supposing that lovers of books and antiquity, like Mr. Shelley & his companion, would not have been sorry to foresee this part of their fate. Among the materials for burning, as many of the gracefuller & more classical articles as could be procured, were not forgotten.⁸ The ceremony took

⁸ Strangely enough neither here nor elsewhere in this account is reference made to the discovery or cremation of the volume of Keats' *Lamia*, which Hunt had given Shelley and which Trelawny found in his jacket pocket.

place on different days, in consequence of the bodies lying so far apart. It was similar on both occasions. "The weather," says Mr. Hunt, "was beautifully fine on both days; hot, but refreshed by the sea breeze. The Mediterranean, now soft & lucid, kissed the shore as if to make peace with it. The yellow sand & blue sky intensely contrasted with one another: marble mountains touched the air with coolness in the distance; and the flame of the fire bore away towards heaven, in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty. It seemed as if it contained the "glassy essence" of vitality. You might have expected a seraphic [countenance to] look out of it, turning once more, before it departed, to thank the friends that [had done their] duty."—The person who took the greatest trouble on both occasions & [] bore the great burden of enquiry throughout, and otherwise shewed the highest generosity, was Mr. Trelawny, a friend of Lord Byron's who had not long been acquainted with Mr. Shelley, but entertained the deepest regard for him. Mr. Trelawny has since taken an active part in the great cause of Greece. Lord Byron, who had assisted in making enquiries, was present at the exhumation & burning of Mr. Williams's remains; but not, as Captain Medwin has stated, at those of Mr. Shelley's. He was in the neighborhood, and concerned in the ceremony, but not upon the spot. Among the misrepresentations in his book, Captain Medwin is also incorrect in describing Mr. Leigh Hunt as in a state of nervous prostration, & unable to leave the carriage. Mr. Hunt's feelings were greatly excited; & he preferred concealing the effect they had upon him. He also wanted courage to behold the remains of his beloved friend, taken, with whatever tenderness, out of the earth. "But there is a sort, & extent, of weakness," said he, "which I think I should never feel on any occasion connected with that energetic heart."—These particulars are supplied by one who was present. Mr. Williams's remains were taken to England. Mr. Shelley's were taken to Rome, & deposited in the Protestant burial ground near those of a child he had lost in that city. It is the cemetery he speaks of in the preface to his elegy on Mr. Keats, as calculated to "make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." Death was no terror to him. The same suffering & imagination, which make us cling to life at one time, & give us a horror of dissolution, can render the grave desirable, and even beautiful at another. A like tenderness of patience in one who possessed a like energy made Mr. Keats say on his death-bed that he "seemed to feel the daisies growing over him." These are the feelings that servile critics ridicule, & that all other human beings respect.

Mr. Shelley was in his thirty-⁹ year. His figure was tall and slight, and his constitution consumptive. He was subject to violent spasmodic pains in the side, which would sometimes force him to lie on the ground till they were over; but he had always a kind word to give those about him, when the pangs allowed him to speak. In this kind of organization, as in some other respects, he resembled the German poet Schiller. Though well turned throughout, his shoulders were bent a little by premature thought & trouble. The same causes had touched his hair with grey for a long time; and though his habits of temperance & exercise gave him a remarkable degree of strength, it is not supposed that he could have lived many years. He used to say that he had lived three times as long as the calendar gave out; which he would proceed to prove, betwixt jest & earnest, by some remarks on time that "would have puzzled that stout Stagyrite." Like the Stagyrite's, his voice was high & weak. His eyes were large & animated, his face altogether small but well-shaped, particularly the mouth & chin, the turn of which was very sensitive & graceful. His hair, though tinged with grey, surmounted his face well, being of considerable quantity. When sitting upright & looking at you attentively, his aspect had a certain seraphical character that would have suited for a portrait of the Baptist, or for one of the angels whom Milton describes as holding a reed "tipt with fire." Nor would the most religious mind, had it known him, have objected to the comparison; for with all his scepticism, Mr. Shelley's disposition may be truly said to have been any thing but irreligious. A person of much eminence for piety in our times has well observed that the greatest want of religious feeling is not to be found even among the greatest infidels, but among those who never think of religion at all but as a business of habit. The leading feature of Mr. Shelley's character may be said to have been natural piety. He was pious towards nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest. He did himself an injustice with the public in using the popular name of the Supreme Being inconsiderately. He identified it solely with the most vulgar & tyrannical notions of a presiding divinity; & he did not enough reflect, that it was often used by a juster devotion to express the most enlarged & spiritual sense of the great mover of the universe. An impatience in contradicting worldly & pernicious conceptions of a supernatural power led his own aspirations to be misconstrued; for though in the severity of his logic & particularly in moments of despondency, he sometimes appeared to be hopeless of what he most desired, & though he justly thought

⁹ Blank in MS. Shelley was in his thirtieth year: born August 4, 1792, died July 8, 1822.

that a Divine Being would prefer the increase of benevolence & good before any praise or even recognition of himself (a reflection worth thinking of by the intolerant), yet there was in reality no belief to which he clung with more fondness, than that of some great pervading spirit of intellectual beauty; as may be seen in one of his compositions on that subject. He said to a friend one day in the cathedral in Pisa, while they were listening to the organ, "Oh what a divine religion might be found out, if we really made charity the great principle, instead of faith." Music always affected him deeply. He had also a delicate perception of the beauties of sculpture; & it is not one of the least evidences of his conscientious mode of action, that with the inclination, & the power, to surround himself in Italy with all [the] graces of living, he made no sort of attempts that way; finding other use for his money, and not always satisfied with himself even for indulging in the luxury of a boat. Boating was his great passion. He loved the mixture of action & repose which he found in it; & delighted to fancy himself gliding to Utopian isles, and bowers of enchantment. The love of sylvan objects was such a habit with him, that if he waited for any body in a room, he generally left pencil-sketches of trees & bits of landscape on the space nearest him. But he would give up any enjoyment to do a deed of kindness. "His life," says Mrs. Shelley, "was spent in the contemplation of nature, in arduous study, or in acts of kindness & affection. He was an elegant scholar and a profound metaphysician. Without possessing much scientific knowledge, he was unrivalled in the justness & extent of his observations on natural objects: he knew every plant by its name, and was familiar with the history & habits of every production of the earth: he could interpret, without a fault, each appearance in the sky, & the varied phenomena of heaven & earth filled him with deep emotion. He made his study & reading-room of the shadowed copse, the stream, the lake, & the waterfall." *Preface* to the work before us. p. 4. "The comparative solitude," observes the same lady, "in which Mr. Shelley lived, was the occasion that he was personally known to few; and his fearless enthusiasm in the cause which he considered the most sacred upon earth, the improvement of the moral & physical state of mankind, was the chief reason why he, like other illustrious reformers, was pursued by hatred & calumny. No man was ever more devoted than he to the endeavour of making those around him happy; no man ever possessed friends more unfeignedly attached to him.— Before the critics contradict me, let them appeal to any one who had ever known him. To see him, was to love him." *Ibid.* This is a high character, & we have every reason to believe it was deserved. We should be glad to know how many wives of Mr. Shelley's calumniators

could say as much of their husbands; or how many critics would believe them, if they did.

Mr. Shelley's poetry is invested with a dazzling and subtle radiance, which blinds the common observer with light. Piercing beyond this, we discover that the characteristics of his poetical writings are an exceeding sympathy with the whole universe, material and intellectual; an ardent desire to benefit his species; an impatience of the tyrannies and superstitions that hold them bound; and regret that the power of one loving and enthusiastic individual is not proportioned to his will, nor his good reception with the world at all proportioned to his love. His poetry is either made up of all these feelings united, or is an attempt to escape from their pressure into the widest fields of imagination. I say an attempt,—because, as we have seen, escape he does not; and it is curious to observe how he goes pouring forth his baffled affections upon every object he can think of, bringing out its beauties & pretensions by the light of a radiant fancy, and resolved to do the whole detail of the universe a sort of poetical justice, in default of being able to make his fellow-creatures attend to justice political. From this arises the fault of his poetry, which is a want of massiveness,—of a proper distribution of light & shade. The whole is too full of glittering points, of images touched alike, & brought into the same prominence. He ransacks every thing like a bee, grappling with it in the same spirit of penetration and enjoyment, till you lose sight of the field he entered upon, in following him into his subtle recesses. It is observable, that where Mr. S[helley] is obliged to give up this personal characteristic, & identify himself with other people, as in his dramatic poems, the fault no longer exists. His object remains that of increasing the wisdom & happiness of mankind; but he has laid aside his wings, and increased the weight & purpose of his body. The spiritual part of him is invested with ordinary flesh & blood. The truth is, for ordinary effect, a great deal of Mr. S[helley]'s poetry ought to have been written in prose. It consists of philosophical speculation, which required an introduction to the understandings of mankind in general, and not, as he thought, a mere recommendation to their good-will. The less he makes this endeavour, reverting to his own social feelings, as in some of the pathetic complaints before us; or appealing to the common ones of mankind upon matters already within their comprehension, as in the Ode to Naples; or giving himself fairly up to the sports of fancy, as in the Witch of Atlas & the translations from Goethe & Homer; the more he delights & takes with him those who did not know whether to argue, or to feel, in the Revolt of Islam or the Prometheus Unbound; or how they should contrive to do both together, with the same perplexing mixture of pas-

sion & the want of it, of the severest reasoning and the wildest fiction, of the most startling appearances of dissent, and the most conventional calls upon general sympathy.¹⁰

The critic of Mr. Shelley in the *Edinburgh Review*,¹¹ who does justice to the excellence of his intentions and acknowledges him to be one of those rare persons called men of genius, attributes the faults in his writings to the predominance of his will, and a scorn of every thing received & conventional. To this cause he traces what he conceives to be the errors of his philosophy.¹² A great deal of will no doubt he had, but the mistake of the reviewer lies in giving it an antipathetical, instead of a sympathetic character. This may be the fault of some reformers. It may also be a fault of some of them to lament the want of will in their brethren at one time, & the excess of it at another, but most especially the want; satirizing the sparing & fastidious conduct of the better part of the lovers of freedom, "the inconsistent, vacillating good," and bewailing the long misfortunes of the world, which a few energetic people might put an end [to] by a resolute & unconditional exercise of their free agency. We do not think the writer in question free from the inconsistencies, natural to all human conditions, especially dissatisfied ones. We do not accuse him of want of sympathy. On the contrary we think that the antipathies, which he has sometimes given way to pretty strangely, & the will which he at other times recommends, & at all times sets an example of, arise out of the impatience of his very sympathy with mankind: but this, it appears to us, might have helped him to a wiser judgment with regard to Mr. Shelley. We hold, with the critic, that a greater portion of will among reformers in general, is highly desirable; but we do not hold with him, that an occasional excess of it (if such) can or does do the mischief he supposes, or provides any excuse worth mention for the outcries & pretended arguments of the opposite party. If he will have a good deal of will, he must occasionally have an excess of it. The party in question, that is to say, all the bad governments & systems in the world, with all their slaves & dependents, have an infinite will of their own, which they already oppose, with all their might, to whomsoever attempts to contradict it; & the world in general

¹⁰ The author has inserted at this point "Magnificence of diction—Greek taste—Lyrical feelings," and he enlarges on this portion of his review in *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*, p. 210.

¹¹ William Hazlitt.

¹² The alternative manuscript reading adheres to the text of *Lord Byron* at this point: "Furthermore, he charges Mr. Shelley with a want of reverence for antiquity, and quotes a celebrated but not unequivocal passage from Bacon, where the Philosopher, according to the advice of the Prophet, recommends us to take our stand upon the ancient ways, and see what road we are to take for progression . . ."

is so deafened with the noise of ordinary things, and habituated to the great working of the system which abuses it, that an occasional excess in the lifting up of the voices of writers and reformers appears to be necessary to make it listen. It requires the example of a voice not so kept under and dispirited as its own, to make it believe that all hearts are not alike kept under, and that the hope of reformation is not every where given up. This is the excuse for such productions as *Werter*, the *Stranger*, and other reminders of the first principles of domestic intercourse. This is the excuse for the paradoxes of Rousseau; for the extravagances of some of the Grecian philosophers (which were necessary to call the attention to all parts of a question); and if we did not wish to avoid hazarding misconception, & hurting the feelings, however unreasonably, of any respectable reader, we might add stronger cases in point, in which principles have been pushed to their greatest & most impracticable excess, for the purpose, we are told, of securing some attention to the reasonable part of them. Mr. Shelley objected to the present state of intercourse of the sexes. The reviewer implies that he objected extravagantly, or at least alarmingly. Be it so. The great point is to have a question discussed. The advocates of existing systems of all sorts are strong enough to look to the defence, whereas those who suffer by them are so much intimidated by their very sufferings, that on some points they are afraid to move, lest they should be worse off than they are at present. They do not want to know their calamity. They know it well enough. They require to be roused, & not always to sit groaning over, or making despairing jests of their condition. If a friend's excess even incites them to differ with him, they are still incited to look at the question. His sympathy rouses them to be ashamed of their passiveness, & to consider what may be done. We need not fear it will be too much. At the very least, matters will find their level. If we are our own masters, under Providence, if nature works with us for tools, and intends amelioration through the means of our knowledge, we are roused to some purpose. If not, or if we are to go so far and no farther, no farther shall we go. The sweet or bitter waters of humanity will assuredly find where to settle.

Mr. Shelley was of a nature to see into the mistakes [&] calamities of society, & to desire infinitely that they might cease to put up with them. [] as we shall see presently, or rather some of the leaders of it, at a very early period of his life, repelled this nature and desire. He did not bring to his fellow-creatures infinite scorn, & a callous superiority to their sympathies. He brought them (in the opinion of the friends who knew him best) infinite love; and was not too proud to confess, or to shew, that his nature was such as to require their loving kindness, & to be unhappy at

not possessing it. Is the quarrelling with constituted authorities & received calamities, the same thing as scorning the better part of what exists? Is the quitting the real world for the imaginative in search of consolation, the same thing as thrusting one's foot against it in contempt, & being off on the wings of derision? And what did Mr. Shelley carry thither, when he went? A perpetual consciousness of his humanity; a clinging load of the miseries of his fellow-creatures. The *Witch of Atlas* is but a personification of the imaginative faculty in its most airy abstractions; & yet the author cannot indulge himself long in that fairy region, without *dreaming* of mortal strife. If he is not in this world, he must dream of it. If fiction is his reality by day, reality will be his fiction during his slumbers. The truth is, Mr. Shelley was in his whole being, mental & physical, of an extreme delicacy & sensibility. He felt every part of it intensely; and his impulse, object, & use in this world, was, to remind others of some important points touching our common nature and endeavours, by affording a more than ordinary example of their effect upon [himself.] It may be asked, who are to be reminded? — how many? To which we answer [those who have been] reminded already, as well as those who may remain to be; never mind how few, [provided they] are reminded to some purpose. "Fit audience, though few" is the motto of [the noblest ambition] provided those audiences can go and affect the world.

Our favourite pieces in the work before us are the *Witch of Atlas*, the *Letter* to a friend at page 59, the *Ode to Naples*, the *Song* at p. 141, a *Lament*, the *Question*, *Lines to an Indian Air*, *Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples*, *Song on a Faded Violet*, *Lines to a Critic*, *Good Night*, *Love's Philosophy*, and the *Translations from Goethe & Homer*. The verses on the *Medusa's Head* are however perhaps as fine as any thing for power. The very poetry seems sculptured & grinning, like the subject. The words are cut with a knife. But love is the great inspirer of Mr. Shelley. If he is off into his most etherial bowers, he takes a companion there, or finds one. His abstract ideas are in love.

And there lay Visions swift, & sweet, & quaint,
Each in its thin sheath like a chrysalis;
Some eager to burst forth, some weak & faint
With the soft burthen of intensest bliss.

We have heard of ladies falling in love with Lord Byron, upon the strength of Don Juan. These must be ladies in towns. If ever a more sequestered heroine could fall in love with a poet out of mere force of sentiment, or at least desire to give him exceeding comfort & consolation, we think it would

be such a poet as Mr. Shelley. The most physical part of the passion acquires, from his treatment of it, a grace & purity inexpressible. It is curious to see with what fearlessness in the conscious dignity of this power, he ventures to speak of things that would defy all direct mention from a less ingenuous lip.

[The manuscript ends at this point. The concluding portion of the essay is copied from *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*, 1828, pages 212 to 229.]

The "Witch of Atlas," will be liked by none but poets, or very poetical readers. Spenser would have liked it: Sir Kenelm Digby would have written a comment upon it. Its meanings are too remote, and its imagery too wild, to be enjoyed by those who cannot put on wings of the most subtle conception, and remain in the uttermost parts of idealism. Even those who can, will think it something too dreamy and involved. They will discover the want of light and shade, which I have before noticed, and which leaves the picture without its due breadth and perspective. It is the fault of some of Mr. Shelley's poems, that they look rather like store-houses of imagery, than imagery put into proper action. We have the misty regions of wide air,

"The hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,—"

which Milton speaks of; but they are too much in their elementary state, as if just about to be used, and moving in their first chaos. To a friend, who pointed out to him this fault, Mr. Shelley said, that he would consider it attentively, and doubted not he should profit by the advice. He scorned advice as little as he did any other help to what was just and good. He could both give and take it with an exquisite mixture of frankness and delicacy, that formed one of the greatest evidences of his superiority to common virtue. I have mentioned before, that his temper was admirable. He was naturally irritable and violent; but had so mastered the infirmity, as to consider every body's inclinations before his own. Mr. Trelawney pronounced him to be a man absolutely without selfishness. In his intercourse with myself, nothing delighted him more than to confound the limits of our respective property, in money-matters, books, apparel, &c. He would help himself without scruple to whatever he wanted, whether a book or a waistcoat; and was never better pleased, than at finding things of his own in his friend's possession.

The way in which Mr. Shelley's eye darted "from heaven to earth," and the sort of call at which his imagination was ever ready to descend, is well

exemplified in the following passage of the *Letter* at p. 59. The unhappy mass of prostitution which exists in England, contrasted with something which seems to despise it, and which, in more opinions than his, is a main cause of it, was always one of the subjects that at a moment's notice would overshadow the liveliest of his moods. The picturesque line in italics is beautifully true. The poet is writing to a friend in London.

“Unpavilioned heaven is fair,
Whether the moon, into her chamber gone,
Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or wan
Climbs with diminish'd beams the azure steep;
Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse deep,
Piloted by the many-wandering blast,
And the rare stars rush through them, dim and fast.
All this is beautiful in every land.
But what see you beside? A shabby stand
Of hackney coaches—a brick house or wall,
Fencing some lonely court, white with the scrawl
Of our unhappy politics; or worse.
A wretched woman, reeling by, whose curse
Mix'd with the watchman's, partner of her trade,
You must accept in place of serenade.”

These miserable women, sometimes indeed owing to the worst and most insensible qualities on their own parts, but sometimes also to the best and most guileless, are at such a dreadful disadvantage compared with those who are sleeping at such an hour in their comfortable homes, that it is difficult to pitch our imaginations among the latter, for a refuge from the thought of them. Real love, however, even if it be unhappy, provided its sorrow be without contempt and sordidness, will furnish us with a transition less startling. The following *Lines to an Indian Air*, make an exquisite serenade.

“I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

“The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—

The champak odours fall,
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
 The nightingale's complaint
 It dies upon her heart,
 As I must upon thine,
 Beloved as thou art!

"O lift me from the grass!
 I die, I faint, I fail!
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale.
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!
 My heart beats loud and fast;
 Oh! press it close to thine again
 Where it will break at last."

I know not that two main parts of Mr. Shelley's poetical genius, the descriptive and the pathetic, ever vented themselves to more touching purpose than in the lines *Written in Dejection near Naples*. The brilliant yet soft picture with which they commence, introduces the melancholy observer of it in a manner extremely affecting. He beholds what delights others, and is willing to behold it, though it delights him not. He even apologizes for "insulting" the bright day he has painted so beautifully, with his "untimely moan." The stanzas exhibit, at once, minute observation, the widest power to generalize, exquisite power to enjoy, and admirable patience at the want of enjoyment. This latter combination forms the height of the amiable, as the former does of the intellectual character. The fourth stanza will strongly move the reader of this memoir.

"The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple moon's transparent light
 † * * * * *
 Around its unexpanded buds;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
 The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

"I see the deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown.

† A line is wanting in the Edition.

I sit upon the sands alone;
 The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

"Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,
 Nor peace within, nor calm around,
 Nor that content surpassing wealth,
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walked with inward glory crowned;
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see whom these surround;
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

"Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Ev'n as the winds and waters are;
*I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care*
 Which I have borne and yet must bear,
 Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
*And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea*
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

"Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I when this sweet day is done,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan:
 They might lament, for I am one
 Whom men love not, and yet regret;
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet."

The pieces, that call to mind Beaumont and Fletcher, are such as the following:—

"Music, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory;
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.

"Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
 Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on."

"*Love's Philosophy*" is another. It has been often printed; but for the same reason will bear repetition. The sentiment must be understood with reference to the delicacy as well as freedom of Mr. Shelley's opinions, and not as supplying any excuse to that heartless libertinism which no man disdained more. The poem is here quoted for its grace and lyrical sweetness.

"The fountains mingle with the river,
 And the river with the ocean;
 The winds of heaven mix for ever,
 With a sweet emotion:
 Nothing in the world is single;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle—
 Why not I with thine?"

"See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No sister flower would be forgiven,
 If it disdain'd its brother:
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me?"

Mr. Shelley ought to have written nothing but dramas, interspersed with such lyrics as these. Perhaps had he lived, he would have done so; for, after all, he was but young; and he had friends of that opinion, whom he was much inclined to agree with. The fragment of the tragedy of *Charles the First*, in this volume, makes us long for more of it. With all his republicanism, he would have done justice to Charles, as well as to Pym and Hampden. His completest production is unquestionably the tragedy of the "Cenci." The objections to the subject are, on the face of them, not altogether unfounded; but they ought not to weigh with those who have no scruple in grappling with any of the subjects of our old English drama; still less, if they are true readers of that drama, and know how to think of the great ends of poetry in a liberal and masculine manner. "Cenci" is the personification of a will, maddened, like a Roman emperor's, by the possession of impunity; deadened to all sense of right and wrong by degrad-

ing notions of a Supreme Being; and consequently subjected to the most frightful wants, and knowing no pleasure but in sensuality or malignity. The least of his actions becomes villainous, because he does it in defiance of principle. On the other hand, his death by the hand of his outraged daughter produces a different meeting of extremes, because it results, however madly, from horror at the violation of principle. The reader refuses to think that a daughter has slain a *father*, precisely because a dreadful sense of what a father ought not to have done has driven her to it, and because he sees that in any other situation she would be the most exemplary of children. This remark is made for the benefit of the curious reader, and to vindicate Mr. Shelley from having taken up a subject out of pure scorn of his feelings: a strange policy in any author, and not surely to be found in him. Considering what an excellent production the *Cenci* is, it is certainly difficult to help wishing that the subject had been of a nature to startle nobody; but it may be as truly added, that such a subject could have been handled by no other writer in a manner less offensive, or more able to suggest its own vindication.

The Translations that conclude the "Posthumous Poems," are masterly. That of the "Hymn to Mercury," containing the pranks of the Deity when young, abounds in singular animal spirits, a careless yet exuberant feeling of mixed power and indifference, of the zest of new-born life, and a godlike superiority to its human manifestations of it, such as we might suppose to take place before vice and virtue were thought of, or only thought of to afford pastime for mischievous young gods, who were above the necessity of behaving themselves. I will confine myself, however, to the quotation of a passage or two from the scenes out of Goethe's "Faust." They contain the *Prologue in Heaven*, which Lord Leveson Gower has omitted in his translation, and the *Mayday Night*, which he has abridged, and thought untranslatable. The *Prologue in Heaven* is remarkable for the liberties which a privy-counsellor and gentleman with a star at his breast (for such the original poet is) may take with the scriptural idea of the Divinity, and yet find readers to eulogize and translate him. It is a parody on the beginning of the Book of Job. Not that I believe the illustrious German intended any disrespect to loftier conceptions of a Deity. The magnificent Hymn that precedes it, shows he can do justice to the noblest images of creation, and improve what other poets have repeated to us of the songs of angels. Mr. Shelley's opinion of the Book of Job (on which he thought of founding a tragedy) was not the less exalted, (nor, I dare say, Goethe's either,) because he could allow himself to make this light and significant comment on the exordium. But it is worth while noticing these sort of discrepancies;

and to observe also, how readily they shall be supposed without being comprehended for the sake of one man, and how little comprehended or supposed either for the toleration of another.

SCENE—THE HARTZ MOUNTAIN, A DESOLATE COUNTRY.

Faust, Mephistophiles.

Meph. Would you not like a broomstick? As for me,
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride;
For we are still far from th' appointed place.

Faust. This knotted staff is help enough for me,
Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs. What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way?
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,
And climb those rocks, where ever-babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
Is the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath:
Shall she not work also within our limbs?

Meph. Nothing of such an influence do I feel.
My body is all wintry, and I wish
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow.
But see; how Melancholy rises now
Dimly uplifting her belated beam,
The blank unwelcome round of the red moon,
And gives so bad a light, that every step
One stumbles 'gainst some crag. With your permission,
I'll call an Ignis-Fatuus to our aid;
I see one yonder burning jollily.
Halloo, my friend! may I request that you
Would favour us with your bright company?
Why should you blaze away there to no purpose?
Pray, be so good as light us up this way.

Ignis-Fatuus. With reverence be it spoken, I will try
To overcome the lightness of my nature:
Our course, you know, is generally zig-zag.

Meph. Ha! ha! your worship thinks you have to deal
With men. Go strait on, in the Devil's name,
Or I shall puff your flickering light out.

Ignis-Fatuus. Well,
I see you are the master of the house;
I will accommodate myself to you.

Only consider, that to-night this mountain
Is all enchanted, and if Jack-a-lantern
Shows you his way, though you should miss your own,
You ought not to be too exact with him.

Faust, Mephistophiles, and Ignis-Fatuus, in alternate chorus.

The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false, are past.
Lead us on, thou wandering Gleam,
Lead us onward, far and fast,
To the wide, the desert waste.
But see how swift advance and shift
Trees behind trees, row by row,—
How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
Their frowning foreheads as we go.
The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
How they snort, and how they blow!
Through the mossy sods and stones,
Stream and streamlet hurry down;
A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of heaven is blown!

A profound living critic (I forget his name) has discovered, that the couplet in italics is absurd—crags having no snouts properly so called, and being things by no means alive or blowing! The plot now thickens. Every thing is vivified like the rocks; every thing takes a devilish aspect and meaning; the winds rise; the stragglers of the Devil's festival begin to appear, and the travellers feel themselves in the "witch element."

Faust.

How

The children of the wind *rage* in the air!
With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck!

* * * *

Meph. Dost thou not hear?

Strange accents are ringing
Aloft, afar, anear,
The witches are singing!
The torrent of the raging wizard song
Streams the whole mountain along.

Chorus of Witches.

The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,
Now to the Brocken the witches go;

The mighty multitude here may be seen
 Gathering, wizard and witch, below.
 Sir Urean is sitting aloft in the air;
 Hey over stock, and hey over stone!
 'Twixt witches and incubi what shall be done?
 Tell it who dare! tell it who dare!

A Voice. Upon a sow-swine, whose farrows were nine,
 Old Baubo rideth alone.

Chorus. Honour her to whom honour is due,
 Old Mother Baubo! honour to you!
 An able sow, with old Baubo upon her,
 Is worthy of glory, and worthy of honour
 The legion of witches is coming behind,
 Darkening the night, and outspeeding the wind.

A Voice. Which way comest thou?

A Voice. Over Ilsenstein;
 The owl was awake in the white moonshine;
 I saw her at rest in her downy nest,
 And she stared at me with her broad, bright eye.

Voices. And you may now as well take your course on to Hell,
 Since you ride by so fast, on the headlong blast.

A Voice. She dropped poison upon me, as I past.
 Here are the wounds.

Chorus of Witches. Come away! come along!
 The way is wide, the way is long,
 But what is that for a Bedlam throng?
 Stick with the prong, and scratch with the broom.
 The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,
 And the mother is clapping her hands.

Semi-chorus of Wizards—1st.—We glide in
 Like snails when the women are all away.
 From a house once given over to sin,
 Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

Semi-chorus—2nd.—A thousand steps must a woman take,
 Where a man but a single step will make.

Voices above. Come with us, come with us, from Felsensee!*

Voices below. With what joy would we fly through the upper sky!
 We are washed, we are 'nointed, stark naked are we:
 But our toil and our pain are for ever in vain.

* A gentleman, who reads German, informs me that there must either be a mistake of the transcriber here, or that Mr. Shelley for the moment had left untranslated the concluding word of the line; which is not a proper name, but means a *sea of rocks*—the Felsen-see.

Both Chorusses. The wind is still, the stars are fled,
The melancholy moon is dead;
The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling through the dark.
Come away!

Voices below. Stay, oh, stay!

Voices above. Out of the crannies of the rocks,
Who calls?

Voice below. Oh let me join your flocks!
I three hundred years have striven
To catch your skirt, and mount to heaven,
And still in vain. Oh, might I be
In company akin with me!

Both Chorusses. Some on a ram, and some on a prong,
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along;
Forlorn is the wight, who can rise not to-night.

A Half-Witch below. I have been tripping this many an hour;
Are the others already so far before?
No quiet at home, and no peace abroad!
And less methinks is found by the road.

Chorus of Witches. Come onward, away! aroint thee, aroint!
A witch to be strong must anoint, anoint—
Then every trough will be boat enough;
With a rag for a sail, he can sweep through the sky,—
Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly?

Both Chorusses. We cling to the skirt, and we strike on the ground;
Witch legions thicken around and around;
Wizard swarms cover the heath all over.

(*They descend.*)

Meph. What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling;
What whispering, babbling, hissing, bustling;
What glimmering, spurting, stinking, burning;
As heaven and earth were overturning.
There is a true witch element about us;
Take hold on me, or we shall be divided:—
Where are you?

Faust. (*from a distance.*) Here!

Meph.

What!

I must exert my authority in the house.
Place for young Voland! pray make way, good people.
Take hold on me, Doctor, and with one step
Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd:
They are too mad for people of my sort.
Just there shines a peculiar kind of light—

Something attracts me in those bushes. Come
This way: we shall slip down there in a minute.

Faust. Spirit of Contradiction! Well, lead on—
'Twere a wise feat, indeed, to wander out
Into the Brocken upon May-day night,
And then to isolate oneself in scorn,
Disgusted with the humours of the time.

Meph. See yonder, round a many-coloured flame
A merry club is huddled altogether:
*Even with such little people as sit there,
One would not be alone.*

Faust. Would that I were
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke,
Where the blind million rush impetuously
To meet the evil ones! there might I solve
Many a riddle that torments me.

Meph. Yet
Many a riddle there is tied anew
Inextricably. Let the great world rage!
We will stay here, safe in the quiet dwellings.
It's an old custom. Men have ever built
Their own small world in the great world of all.

Observe, here, how the author ridicules alike useless inquiries and a selfish passiveness. The great business of life is to be social and beneficent. The witches and their May-game are selfish and vulgar passions of all sorts, hardened into malignity, and believing only in the pleasures of the will. Their turmoil is in vain. Their highest and most superstitious reach to heaven recoils only into disappointment, and a sense of hell. But the author proceeds to have a gird also at dry, mechanical theorists, unalive to sentiment and fancy. No sophistication escapes him. Take a passage or two, eminently infernal.

Meph. (to Faust, who has seceded from the dance.)

Why did you let that fair girl pass by you,
Who sung so sweetly to you in the dance?

Faust. A red mouse in the middle of her singing
Sprung from her mouth.

Meph. That was all right, my friend;
Be it enough that the mouse was not grey.
Do not disturb your hour of happiness
With close consideration of such trifles.

This is an image of bad and disgusting passions detected in one whom we love, and in the very midst and heart of our passion!—The following

may be interpreted to shadow forth either the consequences of seduction, or the miserable regret with which a man of the world calls to mind his first love, and his belief in goodness.

Faust. Then saw I —

Meph. What?

Faust. Seest thou not a pale,

Fair girl, standing alone, far, far away?

She drags herself now forward with slow steps,

And seems as if she moved with shackled feet:

I cannot overcome the thought that she

Is like poor Margaret.

Meph. Let it be—pass on—

No good can come of it—it is not well

To meet it—it is an enchanted phantom,

A lifeless idol: with its numbing look

It freezes up the blood of man; and they

Who meet its ghastly stare are turned to stone,

Like those who saw Medusa.

Faust. Oh too true!

Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse

Which no beloved hand has closed, alas!

That is the heart which Margaret yielded to me—

Those are the lovely limbs which I enjoyed!

Meph. It is all magic: poor deluded fool!

She looks to every one like his first love.

Faust. Oh what delight! what woe! I cannot turn

My looks from her sweet piteous countenance.

How strangely does a single blood-red line,

Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,

Adorn her lovely neck!

Meph. Ay, she can carry

Her head under her arm, upon occasion;

Perseus has cut it off for her. These pleasures

End in delusion.

So do not end the pleasures given us by men of genius with great and beneficent views. So does not end the pleasure of endeavouring to do justice to their memories, however painful the necessity. Some good must be done them, however small. Some pleasure cannot but be realized, for a great principle is advocated, and a deep gratitude felt. I differed with Mr. Shelley on one or two important points; but I agreed with him heartily on the most important point of all,—the necessity of doing good, *and of discussing the means of it freely*. I do not think the world so unhappy as he did,

or what a very different and much more contented personage has not hesitated to pronounce it,—a “vale of blood and tears.” But I think it quite unhappy enough to require that we should all set our shoulders to the task of reformation; and this for two reasons: first, that if mankind can effect any thing, they can only effect it by trying, instead of lamenting and being selfish; and second, that if no other good come of our endeavours, we must always be the better for what keeps human nature in hope and activity. That there are monstrous evils to be got rid of, nobody doubts: that we never scruple to get rid of any minor evil that annoys us, any obstacle in our way, or petty want of comfort in our dwellings, we know as certainly. Why the larger ones should be left standing, is yet to be understood. Sir Walter Scott may have no objection to his “vale of blood and tears,” provided he can look down upon it from a decent aristocratical height, and a well-stocked mansion; but others have an inconvenient habit of levelling themselves with humanity, and feeling for their neighbours: and it is lucky for Sir Walter himself, that they have so; or Great Britain would not enjoy the comfort she does in her northern atmosphere. The conventional are but the weakest and most thankless children of the unconventional. They live upon the security the others have obtained for them. If it were not for the reformers and innovators of old, the Hampdens, the Miltons, and the Sydneys, life in this country, with all its cares, would not be the convenient thing it is, even for the lowest retainers of the lowest establishment. A feeling of indignation will arise, when we think of great spirits like those, contrasted with the mean ones that venture to scorn their wisdom and self-sacrifice; but it is swallowed up in what absorbed the like emotions in their own minds,—a sense of the many. The mean spirit, if we knew all, need not be denied even his laugh. He may be too much in want of it. But the greatest unhappiness of the noble-minded has moments of exquisite relief. Every thing of beautiful and good that exists, has a kind face for him when he turns to it; or reflects the happy faces of others that enjoy it, if he cannot. He can extract consolation out of discomfiture itself,—if the good he sought otherwise, can come by it. Mr. Shelley felt the contumelies he underwent, with great sensibility; and he expressed himself accordingly; but I know enough of his nature to be certain, that he would gladly have laid down his life to ensure a good to society, even out of the most lasting misrepresentations of his benevolence. Great is the pleasure to me to anticipate the day of justice, by putting an end to this evil. The friends whom he loved may now bid his brave and gentle spirit repose; for the human beings whom he laboured for, *begin to know him.*

Aldis, Foley, and the Collection of American Literature at Yale*

By DONALD C. GALLUP

IN November, 1911, Mr. Owen Franklin Aldis, a graduate of Yale in the class of 1874, gave to the University Library some six thousand volumes of first and important editions of American belles-lettres "as a nucleus for a thorough and complete collection for the advanced study of American literature, its History and Bibliography." Mr. Aldis had maintained an interest in books from his undergraduate days as Chairman of the *Yale Literary Magazine*. He had gone from Yale to the Columbia Law School and the practice of law, and eventually founded the real estate firm of Aldis and Company in Chicago. Serious trouble with his eyes forced him in 1911 to curtail both his business and collecting activities, and the gift of his collection to Yale followed. On January 12, 1912, he wrote to the Yale Librarian, Mr. Schwab:

During the last twenty years I have bought largely from P. K. Foley, among others. He is a little careless at times, and may sell very cheap or at very high prices. He is, also, not careful about the condition of a book. But in certain directions I believe him to know more than any other man in America.

I think it will be wise & expedient for you to let him know early, that he is now dealing with the *Yale Library* (& *not* me) and that you cannot and must not buy at very high prices! Also, that you doubt the advisability of buying *any* book which may not be *perfect* & in fine condition. It will be well to start well with him. No one picks up so many nuggets as he, though some are found in pretty rough and unrefined shape.

This letter establishes the beginning of the Aldis collection as

* Read at the meeting of the Society in New York, January 23, 1948. This paper is based principally upon the letters of P. K. Foley to Owen F. Aldis, preserved in the Yale Library and quoted with the Library's kind permission.

in the early 1890's. But it is probable that Mr. Aldis bought only incidentally from Foley until 1903, for the earliest of Foley's letters to Aldis preserved at Yale is dated January 13, 1903, and on April 3, 1908, we find Foley referring to "those lists from which we have worked during the past five years." Certainly from 1903 until 1909, the bulk of Aldis' accessions came from Foley.

The kind of collection which he wished to build up was from the first clear in Mr. Aldis' mind. It was to contain American literary first editions in "as perfect a form as possible," with especial emphasis upon association books, particularly of those he referred to as "all the little, poor, crawling authors." He drew up and sent to Foley long lists of desiderata, and Foley kept a drawer in his shop reserved exclusively for Aldis books, shipping them off periodically. These shipments seem to have averaged, at the height of the Aldis-Foley association, as many as a hundred books a month, not including autograph letters and occasional manuscripts; and they indicate that the collection must still have been in its comparative infancy at this time. Aldis examined each shipment, keeping the books of which he had either no other copies or copies in inferior condition, and returning the remainder to Foley for credit. This system was applied to the manuscript material as well. Mr. Aldis wished to have in each book a letter from its author referring specifically to it, and Foley frequently supplied letters containing such references in exchange for others without them.

By 1906, Foley had obviously come to regard Aldis as his star customer, and almost every shipment included a bibliographical discovery. The amount of material he turned up is little short of miraculous, and his letters shed considerable light on the methods he used. Although his first large purchases for Aldis seem to have been in the sales of C. F. Libbie & Company of Boston, he relied as a rule not so much upon auctions as on scouts, advertisements (particularly in country newspapers), and the descendants of authors and their publishers. He wrote to Aldis on July 12, 1909:

I have already compiled new lists of the books still wanted, and have forwarded them to trusty hands. Wholesale advertising has not proved successful, and the communication forwarded direct to him whom we look upon as likely to supply our wants is far more affective [*sic*] than such information, should it reach him in a more general way, and as if *he* were only one of many. I am hopeful of some results within a week—and within a month shall be greatly disappointed if the results will not amount to something. . . .

I have used such means as I thought most affective [*sic*] to reach survivors of Roberts Bros., and other old-time publishing houses, but am met by the information that very little importance was attached to an author's work, soon as it passed through the printer's hands. I believe Mr. Ticknor the only survivor of the old publishers who had the literary instinct sufficiently developed to preserve such things. However, I still have some hope of reaching members of the families—members who were not connected with the *business*, and therefore all the more likely to appreciate letters etc.

Certainly Aldis had no reason to complain of Foley's endeavors in his behalf, and the prices seem on the whole to have been reasonable. When Aldis returned to Foley a Poe letter as too expensive at \$77.50, Foley replied that it had cost him \$65.00 plus commission, "so you can perceive," he wrote, "that my advance was modest." Aldis had on the same occasion returned a manuscript volume containing poems by Whittier, Bryant, and Halleck, priced at \$127.50. Of this, Foley admitted: "I fear that's a case in which I let my desire to acquire run away with my rules of thrift and careful purchase."

The question of condition was a thornier one, and, as might be expected with Foley's sources of supply, this was not his strong point.

Regarding the repairing of books, in an artistic manner [*he wrote to Aldis on September 4, 1906*], I have seen some which were treated by Bradstreet, of New York, and I do not believe that they could be improved upon, no matter where or by whom. One item was a copy of "The Celestial Railroad," which I sold for a mere song owing to its dilapidated condition; but when I next saw it, in a slip case, it looked almost perfect, and had I not suspected that it was the copy which I had sold, I think it would have passed without my detecting the faint outlines remaining of rents in leaves and wrapper. I understood from the gentleman who had that done that Bradstreets are very exacting, and unless one has other work of a more remunerative nature done by them they decline any

surgical cases, such as those I have alluded to. When in New York it may be well for you to have an interview with the manager.

Another reference to Bradstreet occurred three weeks later:

The copy which I sent is the only one which I could procure of Wallace's "Boyhood of Christ"; I have struggled hard to get a perfect copy, but the fragile condition makes it almost impossible. I fancy that Bradstreet can make the thing look presentable, although it would seem to be a rather hard task, as it did not look so at first.

Occasionally, Foley's advice to Aldis was more reprehensible. These passages are from 1906:

Butler's "Parnassus," as you will perceive, is water-stained, but the paper is good and will bear cleansing, so as to leave it as clean as issued; I do not recommend cleansing as a rule, but this little thing has proved such a will-o'-the-wisp that I thought it better to secure the copy. . . .

[Mrs.] Sigourney's "Whisper [to a Bride]" came in second-edition form and, considering its fine condition, I thought it perhaps better to attach it; should an unsatisfactory copy of the first appear, the binding will be worth having. "Richard Hurdiss" (Simms) was in rather unsatisfactory state, so I sent an odd Volume I which I happened to have, that your binder may substitute the concluding leaves for those which are stained in the other.

And this from 1908:

. . . Longfellow's "Evangeline" is a third edition, but if I remember rightly your first was not quite satisfactory, and the text of the third being the same as the first, except the advertisements, perhaps the cover etc. of that which I send may be of great aid.

But I am being perhaps unfair to both men in pointing out these few survivals of nineteenth-century collecting ethics. As a matter of fact only one of Foley's five suggestions appears to have been carried out by Aldis, and the exhaustive campaign which both collector and book-seller waged for the improvement of copies resulted in a relatively high standard of condition for the period during which the collection was assembled; the number of books in original boards or wrappers is considerable, and the dozens of unique and out-of-the-way items which Foley supplied are extremely impressive.

Foley's *American Authors*, 1795-1895,¹ was published in 1897, only a year after its author had established himself in business in Boston. Although it contains errors, it is still today in many ways an indispensable tool. Had it been published at the end instead of at the beginning of Foley's book-selling career, it would have approached much closer a model bibliography. We are told that he himself preferred not to discuss the book. Certainly he was well aware of its shortcomings. On August 4, 1906, he wrote Aldis of a discovery he had just made concerning the first editions of William Dean Howells and added: "Just imagine how little people know who base their faith on bibliographies!" And his letters are filled with corrections of his publication. On July 12, 1909, he wrote:

Regarding the "wants," you may cancel "William Guthrie," 1796, by Dunlap . . . I thought the crime of placing the little load on Dunlap's shoulders was mine—but on examination find that Sabin's Dictionary was at fault, and that I merely borrowed the fault therefrom. You can also strike out Julia Ward Howe's "Golden Eagle," 1876, which was written by J. B. Howe, and her "Hyppolytus," 1858, which is believed to have been acted *from manuscript* and never printed. Halpine's two Dublin titles, 1870, also take rank among the books which were projected, but never assumed tangible shape.

I have done considerable prowling after some of those waifs and strays and believe, in time, I shall assume the form of a point of interrogation! Besides wrestling with references in American libraries, colleges, etc., I have sprinkled similar enquiries through sources of information in England, Ireland and Scotland—and some of my correspondents begin to show signs of weariness. If I could divorce myself from the grind for a whole year, and go into the thing regardless of cost (time, labor, currency, etc.), I think much might be accomplished in gleaning hidden facts—but that is a task which I dream of, rather than expect to accomplish.

A letter from Aldis which must have made a complimentary reference to the bibliography occasioned one of Foley's most revealing replies. It is dated August 28, 1909:

I thank you, sincerely and gratefully, for your kind words, whilst feeling conscious—there is none more so—that neither my performance nor self merit them.

¹ Patrick Kevin Foley (1856-1937), *American Authors, 1795-1895. A Bibliography of First and Notable Editions Chronologically Arranged With Notes*. Boston, Printed for Subscribers [The Publishers' Printing Co.], 1897. 350 pp.

The twelve years which have passed since the appearance of that *magnum opus* (bless the mark!) have convinced me of how ill prepared I was for the task. But travelling a road unexplored, except by travellers whose suggestions were so often worse than useless, because misleading, and with no real guide save instinct one only wonders that the performance was not even worse. . . .

Yes—first editions must, I suppose, be acknowledged dull, but not entirely separated from the glow of romance. . . .

I have followed the old fellows of the Revolutionary period and since through newspaper, periodical, tract and elsewhere, until a certain affection for each and all of them remains—even peculiarities of phrase and thought have grown more and more familiar, until I seem to have met with the grave and reverend sirs (and some entirely the reverse) in another existence.

This and many others of Foley's letters to Aldis, incidentally, attest the truth of Charles T. Goodspeed's observation that "they are an asset to any collection." Even the unpromising subject of the weather produces this passage:

I trust the mild climate of Washington proves enjoyable after our snappish apology for one; to-day brought forth a little frozen breath, sharp as a serpent's tooth. Yet—with all faults of temper and temperature there be some of us who love New England as another Eden—the growling old subscriber hereof among others.

If Aldis and Foley had had another five years in which to work on the collection, one wonders what the result might have been. As early as June 8, 1909—before Mr. Aldis' important purchases (through Walter M. Hill of Chicago) in the Chamberlain (Part II) and Maier sales later in that year—when Aldis had made his decision to present the collection to Yale, Foley (who, next to its owner, probably knew the collection best) could write:

Yale College Library will possess the best representative collection of American literature, in its first published form, in the land—this is no figure or flower of speech, either. Many of the items are not duplicated elsewhere, without mentioning the unique feature which is formed by the addition of letters and manuscripts relating to the authors' works, and in so many cases to the volume which shelters the manuscript or the letter itself. It will, indeed, form a princely gift, and in what form could one prefer to be remembered than in connection with a gift which will endear him to generation and generation!

Mr. Aldis was from the first insistent that the Collection at

Yale be called by some name not his own in order that others might be more willing to add to it, and the conditions which he laid down were those under which he believed its growth might be most rapid. A separate room with accommodations for students was to be provided; a special custodian was to be appointed; and no stamp or mark or writing of any kind was to be made in or upon any of the books.

Being pretty well acquainted with the peculiarities of book collectors [*he wrote to Professor Lounsbury on November 27, 1911*], it . . . seemed to me important to impress upon their minds that the collection would be carefully cased, guarded and preserved, in a scrupulously clean and perfect condition; and therefore, I inserted certain conditions about such matters into the gift, so that the University Library could get all the collectors and book worms on its side!

He outlined even more concrete plans for the growth of the Collection in a letter to Mr. Schwab on December 28:

My intention was . . . to try to make this collection bibliographically complete, and one containing not only the rare books but all books,—that is, first editions and collected editions, so as to make it useful . . . and perhaps indispensable [*sic*] to bibliographers, biographers, historians and students of American literature; to protect it thoroughly, and to so shelve it that it might be used with the utmost possible convenience. . . .

An earlier letter, of December 20, had pointed out that

At the present moment bibliographies of James Russell Lowell, of Charles Brockden Browne [*sic*] and of Bret Harte are being prepared; the compilers have to run all over the country . . . In five years from now it would not be necessary to do this. Profssr. Lounsbury for instance had to go to a dozen places to write a short life of Cooper. Another gentleman finds it all but impossible to write the life of Charles Brockden Browne [*sic*] . . . for the same reason. Now many of these books are not expensive or rare and yet I think they ought to be in this collection. In a word I should be glad to see the Library add . . . whatever proper material it has in good condition of American Belles Lettres of first editions from the earliest period down to and including the Authors living and writing in the year 1900. The fact that such books may be cheap or not valuable from a money point of view has little or nothing to do with their value for the scholarly study of American Literature.²

² This letter is in the hand of an amanuensis, who was presumably responsible for the misspellings.

Mr. Aldis therefore proposed first that all books not already protected be cased *at his expense* and the whole collection arranged chronologically under author. Then, that an exact list be made of all titles, including such as could be added from the Yale Library. When this work was completed, he would send to Yale "a reasonably intelligent person of some bibliographical experience" who would go over the principal authors with the latest and best bibliographies, and make careful lists of all gaps to be filled. With such lists, proper advertising, and the aid of Foley and other book-sellers, Mr. Aldis expected to continue the work of collecting even though he could (because of eye-trouble) give the matter very little personal attention. "It seems to me foolish," he wrote to Mr. Schwab, "to go on without a clear and definite plan in the expenditure of money at random on rare books. I never have collected in this way and do not wish to begin now. . . . We shall doubtless lose some . . . books by this delay, but in the end will more than make up . . . by having a systematic plan for buying and filling gaps in an orderly way."

It was in the matter of the proposed transfer of books to the Collection that the plans came to grief. The Library simply did not have sufficient funds to replace volumes transferred and did not feel that these could be withdrawn from circulation—particularly in the undergraduate library. But Mr. Aldis became insistent on this point, and eventually refused to continue buying for the Collection until a list of books transferred was sent him. This was never done, and as a result several hundred titles which were being held by Foley and other dealers pending the consolidation of the Collection at Yale were never purchased. One of these was a copy of Bryant's *Embargo* (1808) which Foley had turned up and offered to Aldis for the Collection at twenty-five hundred dollars. Although Mr. Aldis was tempted, he felt that he did not wish to make even an offer to Foley until his preliminary conditions were accomplished at Yale. Had not the First World War intervened, they might have been, but from 1918 until his death

in Paris in 1925, Mr. Aldis spent most of his time in France and was no longer actively in touch with the Collection.

Even now, more than thirty-six years after their arrival at Yale, Aldis' books (although the Collection of which they are the nucleus has been increased approximately four-fold) are still not completely catalogued—a situation which has resulted in the Collection's not being adequately known among bookmen and scholars generally. Aldis' plan for a collection which would be bibliographically complete is still very far from realization. (How much simpler an undertaking this Society's project for a bibliography of American literature would be had his dream become a reality!) But although the general development has not been so rapid as Mr. Aldis had hoped it would be, additions to collections of individual authors, such as Clemens, Cooper, and Whitman—to mention only three of the most important—have caused those sections to take their place among the most distinguished in the world.

Even now, five years seem too short a time even to approach the impossible goal of bibliographical completeness. But, as the cataloguing of Aldis' books proceeds, it becomes increasingly evident that the most difficult part of the task of collecting had already been finished in 1911. The Collection is in effect a memorial not only to its founder but also to the Boston book-seller who contributed so substantially to its accumulation. If Foley did not publish the revision of his bibliography which his friends and associates urged him to undertake, one of the principal reasons is here. It is fitting that future bibliographers, biographers, and historians, coming to appreciate the resources of this collection of books and manuscript material, should apply not only to Aldis but to Foley himself those words from his letter already quoted: "... in what form could one prefer to be remembered than in connection with a gift which will endear him to generation and generation!"

The Contributors to *The Annual Anthology*

By KENNETH CURRY

THE *Annual Anthology*, edited by Robert Southey and published in two volumes (1799 and 1800), contained many well-known short poems of Coleridge, Southey, and others of their literary circle. Southey derived the idea of such a compilation from the publication in Germany of poetical almanacs and calendars, and while gathering materials he frequently referred to the work by these names. The chief task of securing poems for the *Anthology* was assumed by Southey, but his friends were active in securing contributions from their friends. "Dyer . . . is catering for my Almanac," he wrote in 1799. "There is double advantage in this. Contributions not only save me, but interest the vanity of the contributors in the sale of the book."¹ Southey, the largest contributor, often took his own contributions from the *Morning Post*, where he was Daniel Stuart's laureate at a guinea a week;² and in turn he republished many poems from the *Anthology* in *Metrical Tales* (1805)³ with the modest motto *nos haec novimus nihil*.

Several approaches in assigning the poems to their proper authors have proved fruitful. A glance at the volumes reveals such poems as Coleridge's *Lewti*, *This Lime Tree Bower My Prison*, Southey's *Battle of Blenheim*, *The Well of St Keyne*, and other bal-

¹ *Letters of Robert Southey*, ed. J. W. Warton (London, Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman, 1856), I:72.

² *Letters from the Lake Poets . . . to Daniel Stuart* (London, West, Newman & Co., 1889), p. 434.

³ *Letters of R. S.*, I:316. Only three poems, Southey said, were not taken from the *Anthology*. But not all his pieces from it were reprinted.

lads. Names such as Joseph Cottle, William Taylor, Charles Lloyd, Mrs. Amelia Opie, who signed their poems with their full names, meet the eye. For these there is no problem. Most of the poems, however, are unsigned, or signed with pseudonyms, initials, or anagrams, demanding elucidation. Of the anagrams many, however, easily yield their secrets: Theoderit, the editor (i.e. Southey); Erthusyo, R. Southey;⁴ Citelto, J. Cottle; Ryalto, Taylor; Aepio, A. Opie. Such signatures as R. S. Y. for Southey and Esteesi for Coleridge are obvious. As a second step, a comparison of the published works of the known contributors with the poems in the *Anthology* often shows that most unsigned poems were later acknowledged by their authors; this is particularly true for Southey, Coleridge, and such secondary figures as Cottle, Wrangham, and the obscure James Jennings. The signatures R., S., and Byondo are thus shown to be Southey's; Cordomi and Laberius, Coleridge's. Memoirs and letters also give their share of information for Davy, Taylor, Coleridge, and in particular for Southey himself.

In addition to these printed sources of information, annotated copies exist—of varying value—that confirm already established information and supply identification for many poems otherwise impossible to assign confidently to any author. Of first importance is Southey's own copy in the Harvard Library, in which he has indicated, for the second volume only, the authors of the several poems. Next in importance is Coleridge's copy of the *Anthology*, now in the possession of Professor Chauncey B. Tinker.⁵ This copy, marked likewise only for the second volume, contains a few marginal comments of Coleridge. The third marked copy is that of Alexander Dyce, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, but

⁴ "My own pieces you will probably discover under the anagrams Erthusyo and Theoderit, sundry alphabetical signatures, and no signatures at all." S. to William Taylor. *Memoir of William Taylor of Norwich*, ed. J. W. Robberds (London, John Murray, 1843), I:291. Aug.-Sept. 1799.

⁵ Formerly owned by Stuart M. Samuel and listed as Item 34 in Sotheby's Catalogue, 1 July 1907. It is also described in H. B. Smith, *A Sentimental Library* (New York, Privately printed [by the DeVinne Press], 1914), p. 54.

Dyce's speculations are not completely reliable, as the references to Robberds, Cottle's poems, and Southey's copy of the *Anthology* (cited in the notes below) will show. Dyce's attributions are given in Canon Maurice H. FitzGerald's one-volume edition of Southey's *Poems* (Oxford University Press, 1909), p. 745, but only for what they may be worth. I have given Dyce's authority for five poems in the first volume assigned to Southey, for which no other authority could be found.

The results of this study have been to identify Southey as the author of a large number of unsigned poems which he did not care to reprint in his later published volumes, and to assemble in one article the available evidence for assigning other poems to their proper authors, often extremely obscure poets. This material supplements and occasionally corrects the descriptions of the *Anthology* found in the bibliographies of Coleridge and in the catalogues of special libraries.

Bibliographers and book-collectors have often described these volumes because they contain the first publication of certain poems of Coleridge and Lamb—to say nothing of Southey, George Dyer, Joseph Cottle, or Sir Humphry Davy. Several irregularities in the printing of these two volumes have been noted. In the first volume B_s (pp. 31-32) is normally missing, but two copies, Alexander Dyce's copy in the Victoria and Albert Museum and a copy in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library (not, I believe, elsewhere noted) are complete. This leaf contained Southey's *War Poem* ("Toulon! no longer must the foreign flag"), omitted for its unpatriotic sentiment.⁶ Pp. 108-109

⁶ *War Poem* is reprinted by T. J. Wise, *A Bibliography of . . . Coleridge* (London, 1913), pp. 192-193, and by H. B. Smith, *A Sentimental Library*; Southey did not reprint the poem.

Toulon! no longer must the foreign flag
Wave on thy towers! Invaders to your ships!
Fly—Fly! and ye who basely have betray'd
Your struggling country, for her vengeance comes,
For France in all the greatness of her strength
Comes drunk in wrath, and mighty to destroy!
Her own right arm hath brought salvation to her,

are often misnumbered 408-409; and 112, 113. In the second volume C₃ (pp. 37-38) is a cancel. Wise described a copy with both the cancelled leaf and the corrected leaf,⁷ but one of Professor Tinker's copies contains both leaves, and three copies (including the copy with B₈) in the Berg Collection contain the original leaf. The reason for this cancel is a correction of a line in Southey's *Blenheim* from "Why 'twas a very thing" to "Why 'twas a very wicked thing."

The information collected in this paper is placed in tabular form to make it more easily available. On the left are the titles with the signatures, if any, as they appeared in the *Annual Anthology*. On the right is the information which I have supplied. The notes from Southey's own copy of the second volume, in the Harvard Library, are indicated by "H." "PW" for Southey's contributions indicates that this poem was reprinted in his collected poetical works, 1837-1838. The notes from Coleridge's copy are placed in the footnotes with the notation "S.T.C." Many

Her fury hath upheld her! to your ships
Fly Islanders! and ye who have besought,
The aid of England, England cannot save!
The wheels of Destiny roll on, and woe
Woe to the mortal arm that would impede
Their irresistible way!

They fly! They fly!

From that most injured and insulted land,
The Islanders to their own element
Betake them, not forgetful of the work
Of ruin then, nor of the better task—
Alas, how late remember'd! to remove
Their miserable friends. They to the shore
Throng down, they crowd the boats, the ships are full,
And the last boat receives its suppliant load.
A husband had embark'd, his outstretch'd hands
Are straining to his wife, who in her arms
Clasps close their infant, when the burthen'd boat
Moves from the shore; more eagerly he strains
His outstretch'd hands. Desperate herself she flings
The babe towards him—but the boat moved on,
The wretched man beheld the waters close
Upon the babe—and hark that closing sound
Again! the mother plunges to the babe.

⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 56-57.

manuscript corrections to the text from this particular copy were noted by Ernest Hartley Coleridge in his *Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (Oxford University Press, 1912), and account of these is taken in the footnotes. The footnotes also identify the contributors and give the authority for the attributions.

ANNUAL ANTHOLOGY: VOLUME I

Page

1	<i>Topographical Ode</i>	Ryalto	William Taylor ⁸
10	<i>Bishop Bruno</i>	R. S. Y.	Southey. PW
14	<i>The Holly Tree</i>	by Robert Southey.	Southey. PW
17	<i>Youth and Age</i>		Southey. PW
19	<i>Elegy on a Quid of Tobacco</i>	Theoderit	Southey.
22	<i>To a Friend Settled in the Country</i>		Southey. (Dyce)
23	<i>Remembrance</i>	R.	Southey. PW
26	<i>Hope</i>	R.	Southey. PW Published as part of <i>Remembrance</i> .
29	<i>Musings on the Wig of a Scarecrow</i>	Theoderit	Southey.
[31-32]	<i>War Poem</i>		Southey. ⁹
33	<i>To a Young Man</i>	Charles Lloyd ¹⁰	
36	<i>Dirge</i>		Taylor. ⁸
38	<i>To Mr Opie</i>	Amelia Opie ¹¹	
39	<i>The Oak of Our Fathers</i>	R. S.	Southey. PW
41	<i>To a Friend</i>	Erthusyo	Southey. PW
44	<i>The Rhedycinian Barbers</i>	G. C. B.	G. C. Bedford. ¹²

⁸ William Taylor (1765-1836) suggested the plan of the *A. A.* to S. See *Memoir of W. T.*, I:228, 239. He signed his contributions R. O. and Ryalto. His contributions are listed *ibid.*, I:314. See also I:251, 261, 270.

⁹ Cf. note 6.

¹⁰ Charles Lloyd (1775-1839), poet, who lived with Coleridge and S. at various times. See E. V. Lucas, *Charles Lamb & the Lloyds* (Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co., 1899).

¹¹ Mrs. Amelia Opie (1769-1853), novelist, poet, and wife of John Opie, the painter.

¹² Grosvenor C. Bedford (1773-1839), one of S.'s most intimate friends who held posts at the Exchequer. "The Anthology prospers. Send me something. O for another parody such as 'The Rhedycinian Barbers.'" *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, ed. C. C. Southey (London, Longmans, Brown, Green and Longmans, 1849-1850), II:35.

48	<i>Ode to the River Cam</i>	George Dyer ¹³	
52	<i>To a Friend</i>		Southey. (Dyce)
54	<i>Chimalpoca</i>	S.	Southey. PW
58	<i>St Michael's Chair</i>	R. S. Y.	Southey. PW
62	<i>The Morning Mist</i>	Erthusyo	Southey.
64	<i>To the Burnie Bee</i>	R. O.	Taylor. ⁸

Inscriptions by Robert Southey

67	<i>For the Banks of the Hampshire Avon</i>		
69	<i>For a Monument at Oxford</i>		
70	<i>For a Monument in the Vale of Ewias</i>		
71	<i>Epitaph on King John</i>		
72	<i>In a Forest</i>		
73	<i>For a Monument at Taunton</i>		
75	<i>For a Tablet at Penshurst</i>		
77	<i>Stanzas Written on the Seashore</i>	Amelia Opie	
79	<i>King Henry V</i>		Southey. PW
83	<i>The Affectionate Heart</i>	Joseph Cottle ¹⁴	
85	<i>Old Christoval's Advice</i>		Southey. PW
90	<i>Living without God</i>	Charles Lamb	
93	<i>The Sons of Genius</i>	D. 1795	Humphry Davy. ¹⁵
100	<i>The Ebb Tide</i>	Erthusyo	Southey. PW
102	<i>Ellen</i>	Joseph Cottle	
105	<i>King Charlemagne</i>		Southey. PW
112	<i>Verses . . . Duke of Portland</i>		Southey. ¹⁶
115	<i>To a College Cat</i>		Southey. PW as "Written the Winter after the Installation at Oxford. 1793."

¹³ George Dyer (1755-1841), miscellaneous writer, subject of Lamb's essay *Amicus Redivivus*.

¹⁴ Most of Cottle's contributions were reprinted in *Malvern Hills and Other Poems* (London, 1802).

¹⁵ Sir Humphry Davy (1773-1829), the chemist, an early friend of S. during his residence in Bristol, wrote poetry as a young man. His contributions to the *A. A.* are acknowledged in *Fragmentary Remains . . . of Sir Humphry Davy*, ed. John Davy (London, J. Churchill, 1858), pp. 12-13.

¹⁶ This poem is copied in a letter to C. W. W. Wynn (10 October 1796) with the

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| 118 | <i>Song</i> | A. Opie | |
| 120 | <i>The Song of Pleasure</i> | D. 1796 | Davy. |
| 126 | <i>To Indolence</i> | R. | Southey. PW |
| 129 | <i>The Filbert</i> | Theoderit | Southey. PW |
| 131 | <i>Sonnet I "Stately
yon vessel"</i> | S. | Southey. PW |
| 132 | <i>Sonnet II "Beware a
speedy friend"</i> | | Southey. PW |
| 133 | <i>Sonnet III "O thou
sweet lark"</i> | | Southey. PW |
| 134 | <i>Sonnet IV "Oh! tis a
sorrow-soothing"</i> | | Southey. (Dyce) |
| 135 | <i>Sonnet V "Harriot the
smile that plays"</i> | H. W. B. | Horace Walpole
Bedford. ¹⁷ |
| 136 | <i>Sonnet VI To a Goose</i> | | Southey. PW |
| 137 | <i>Sonnet VII "Lie gently
on her bosom, gentle"</i> | | Southey. (Dyce) |
| 138 | <i>Sonnet VIII "Thou lin-
gerest, Spring!"</i> | R. | Southey. PW |
| 139 | <i>Sonnet IX "Wake the
loud rapture"</i> | | Southey. (Dyce) |
| 140 | <i>Sonnet X To a Wood
Pigeon</i> | Charles Lloyd | |
| 141 | <i>Sonnet XI To the Sabbath</i> | Charles Lloyd | |
| 142 | <i>Sonnet XII On the Ap-
proach of Autumn</i> | A. Opie | |
| 143 | <i>Sonnet XIII</i> | S. F. | Francis Wrangham. ¹⁸ |
| 144 | <i>Sonnet XIV</i> | S. F. | Wrangham. |
| 145 | <i>Sonnet XV "That goose-
berry bush attracts"</i> | | Southey. ¹⁹ |
| 146 | <i>Sonnet XVI Stonehenge</i> | Robert Lovell ²⁰ | |

comment that it is not good enough for his volume of *Poems* (1797) then printing. (MS. letter, National Library of Wales.) Its subject is the same as the next poem in the *Anthology*. Dyce, incidentally, questions whether it is Crowe's or Southey's.

¹⁷ Horace Walpole Bedford (1776-1807), brother of G. C. Bedford, held a post at the British Museum. G. F. Russell Barker and A. H. Stenning, *The Record of Old Westminster* (London, Chiswick Press, 1928).

¹⁸ Francis Wrangham (1769-1842), archdeacon of Cleveland and prolific author. The poems in *A. A.*, II, 145, 146, 162, 163, and 184 are reprinted from his *Poems*, 1795.

¹⁹ "The Goose' and 'Gooseberry-bush' are mine." S. to Taylor, 27 Oct. 1799 (*Memoir . . . Wm. Taylor*, I:303) in answer to W. T.'s question (*ibid.*, I:295).

²⁰ Robert Lovell (d. 1796), S.'s brother-in-law, with whom he published his first volume, *Poems*, 1796.

147	<i>Sonnet XVII</i>	Robert Lovell	
148	<i>Sonnet XVIII Metaphor</i>	J. J.	James Jennings. ²¹
149	<i>Sonnet XIX Personification</i>	J. J.	Jennings.
150	<i>Sonnet XX "O God have mercy in this dreadful"</i>		Southey. PW
151	<i>The Killcrop</i>		Joseph Cottle. ²²
161	<i>The Spirit</i>	Citelto	J. Cottle
165	<i>Eclogue. The Last of the Family</i>	Robert Southey	
172	<i>Ode to St Michael's Mount</i>	D. 1796	Davy.
177	<i>To a Lock of Hair</i>	H. W. B.	H. W. Bedford.
179	<i>The Tempest</i>	D. 1796	Davy.
181	<i>Inscription Under an Oak</i>	Theoderit	Southey. ²³
183	<i>The Hermit Boy</i>	A. S. Cottle ²⁴	
189	<i>The Battle of Pultowa</i>	Erthusyo	Southey. PW
192	<i>Lines to a Brother and Sister</i>	Charles Lloyd	
198	<i>A Ballad of a Young Man that would read unlaw- ful Books</i>		Southey. PW as "Cornelius Agrippa"
201	<i>To the Rainbow</i>	R. O.	Taylor. ²⁵
202	<i>To Twilight</i>	Amelia Opie	
205	<i>Lines written in the 16th century parodied in the 18th century</i>		Taylor. ⁸

²¹ James Jennings (1772-?) published *Poems, consisting of the Mysteries of Mendip, The Magic Ball, Sonnets, Retrospective Wanderings and Other Pieces* (London: Printed for the Author, 1810). In the preface Jennings says: "a few also appeared in the first and second Volumes of the Annual Anthology, under the signature of Edmund Everard and J. J." A note by C. C. Southey in a partial identification of The Traumatic Poet says (*Life*, II:154): "The 'Traumatic Poet' was a Bristol acquaintance of my father's and Mr. Coleridge, who somewhat overrated his own powers of poetical composition; two choice sonnets of his, on 'Metaphor' and 'Personification,' were printed in the first volume of the Annual Anthology."

²² Republished by Cottle in *Malvern Hills* (London, 1802), p. 94. Galignani's edition (Paris, 1829) printed this as Southey's.

²³ Cf. *Memoir* . . . Wm. Taylor, I:264, 268.

²⁴ Amos Cottle (1768?-1800), brother of Joseph and translator of the Edda of Saemund. This poem is reprinted in *Malvern Hills*, p. 134.

²⁵ Dyce attributed to S., but the signature is that used by Taylor, and is assigned to him in *Memoir*, I:314.

208	<i>Inscription for a Monument at Old Sarum</i>		Southey. ²⁶
209	<i>The Lover's Rock</i>		Southey. PW
214	<i>Destiny</i>	Joseph Cottle	
218	<i>Love Elegies by Abel Shufflebottom</i>		Southey. PW
227	<i>The Old Man's Comforts</i>	S.	Southey. PW
229	<i>The Well of St Keyne</i>	R. S. Y.	Southey. PW
233	<i>The Seas</i>	Ryalto	Taylor. ⁸
237	<i>The Pig</i>	Theoderit	Southey. PW
240	<i>The Pious Painter</i>		Southey. PW
248	<i>On Some Modern Im- provements</i>	T. B.	Dr. Thomas Beddoes. ²⁷
253	<i>The Traveller's Return</i>		Southey. PW
255	<i>To a Spider</i>	Erthusyo	Southey. PW
258	<i>The Dead Friend</i>		Southey. PW
261	<i>The Dancing Bear</i>	Theoderit	Southey. PW
264	<i>The Ivy</i>	R.	Southey. ²⁸
265	<i>Monodrama. The Wife of Fergus</i>	S.	Southey. PW
269	<i>The Soldier's Funeral</i>	Robert Southey	
272	<i>Age and Youth</i>	Joseph Cottle	
279	<i>Copied . . . Bristol New- gate where Savage died</i>		J. Cottle. ²⁹
281	<i>Extract . . . Mount's Bay</i>	Humphry Davy	
287	<i>Domiciliary Verses. December 1795</i>		Dr. Thomas Beddoes. ²⁷

²⁶ Circumstantial evidence is afforded by remembering that S.'s friend C. W. W. Wynn was a member from Old Sarum from 1797 to 1799, and from this passage in a letter to Wynn (13 March 1799, MS. National Library of Wales): "I congratulated you on vacating Old Sarum for a more respectable seat—and the pauper also is to be congratulated as I suppose he will cram another thirty pounds for your successor."

²⁷ Thomas Beddoes (1760-1808), founder of the Pneumatic Institution at Clifton. *A. A.*, I:300 Errata. "After 'Improvements in Gloucestershire, p. 248,' and after 'Domiciliary Verses, p. 287,' read by DR. BEDDOES." S. did not wish the latter poem published as the lines had been passed about as ridiculing Wordsworth and Coleridge. But Beddoes insisted, and Cottle let both poems remain. S. to Davy, 4 May 1799. MS. Royal Institution. This portion of the letter was omitted from *Fragmentary Remains* . . . Davy, pp. 34-36.

²⁸ A manuscript of this poem in Southey's hand is in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library.

²⁹ *Malvern Hills*, p. 132; Cottle's *Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*, I:233 n.

- 289 *Passages, Extracted from*
imitative "Verses on
Alexander's Expedition" Dr. Beddoes

THE ANNUAL ANTHOLOGY: VOLUME II ³⁰

- | | | | |
|----|--|----------|---------------------------|
| 1 | <i>St Juan Gualberto</i> | R. S. Y. | Southey. ³¹ PW |
| 20 | <i>Lucretia, a Monodrama</i> | S. | Southey. PW |
| 23 | <i>Lewti, or the Circassian</i>
<i>Love-Chant</i> | | Coleridge. ³² |

³⁰ On the flyleaf of Volume II of his copy Coleridge has written: Explanation of the Signatures.

R. S. Y.	Southey
S.	Ditto
Theoderit	Ditto
Erthusyo*	Ditto
R.	Ditto
Esteesi (Id est, S. T. C.)	S. T. Coleridge
J. W. T.	Mr. James Tobin
F. R. S.	Revd. Francis Wrangham
C. H. S.	Revd. Mr. Sherive
Byondo	Robert Southey
O. A.	Mrs. Opie
Cordomi (i.e. Heart at home)	S. T. Coleridge
Ryalto	Mr. William Taylor of Norwich
Aepio	Mrs. Opie

* anagrams of The Editor and R. Southey.

³¹ Starring the lines (II:10, xxvii. of *St. Juan Gualberto*) "... man! had wrote" S. T. C. has written "Good Christian! wrote So exquisite a poem should not be deformed by false grammar." On II:19, at the end of this poem: "An inimitable poem, original both in conception and execution. It is a poet's natural conversation; but the conversation of a Poet by nature. S. T. C."

³² In Southey's hand: "W. Wordsworth when a boy, corrected by S. T. C." Opposite the table of contents: "A school-poem of W. W. Corrected by S. T. C." Southey's marked copy, Harvard. These details for *Lewti* are noted by John Livingston Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu*. New and enlarged edition (Boston, Houghton, Mifflin, 1930), p. 516, who asserts that "If some early lines of Wordsworth did suggest the theme to Coleridge, the metamorphosis has been complete." E. W. H. Meyerstein points out (*Times Literary Supplement*, Nov. 29, 1941, p. 596) the similarity between W.'s *Beauty and Moonlight* and C.'s early draft of *Lewti*. Later (*Times Literary Supplement*, Dec. 6, 1941, p. 611) Mr. Meyerstein cited this notation of Southey, and James R. Sutherland (*ibid.*) commented further upon the resemblance. Ernest De Selincourt continued the discussion on Dec. 20, 1941, p. 643. S. T. C. has marked his copy, II:23, line 9 with an asterisk: "Two lines expressing the wetness of the Rock." "Had I the enviable power" on II:26, line 5 has been crossed out and "(O beating Heart!) had I the power" substituted. At the end: "Esteesi."

27	<i>Child of Sorrow's Tale</i>	O. A.	"Mrs. Opie" H.
29	<i>Cool Reflections during a Midsummer Walk</i>	Theoderit	Southey. PW
32	<i>To a Young Lady, on her first appearance after a dangerous illness</i>	Laberius	Coleridge. ³³
34	<i>Battle of Blenheim</i>	Robert Southey ³⁴	
38	<i>To Recovery</i>	S.	Southey. PW
41	<i>Lines Written in Devonshire</i>	J. W. T.	"obin" H. ³⁵
43	<i>Ode to Silence, alias Unanimity</i>		"R. S." H. ³⁶
46	<i>The Gallinipper</i>	J. W. T.	"obin" H.
50	<i>On Viewing the Monastery lately erected at Lul- worth</i>	Joseph Hucks ³⁷	
53	<i>Gooseberry Pie, a Pin- doric Ode</i>	Theoderit	Southey. PW
56	<i>The Huron's Address to the Dead</i>	Erthusyo	Southey. PW
59	<i>Recantation . . . Mad Ox</i>	S. T. Coleridge ³⁸	
67	<i>Lines to Sarah</i>	J. G.	"God knows who." H. ³⁹
70	<i>The Mad Woman</i>	R.	Southey. ⁴⁰
74	<i>Lines written in the Album at Elbingerode</i>	C.	"S. T." before C. H. ⁴¹

³³ II:33. Written above Laberius: "S. T. C." S. T. C.

³⁴ For Southey's *Battle of Blenheim*: "a lovely poem." S. T. C.

³⁵ James Webbe Tobin (d. 1814), the blind friend of Coleridge and the Lambs, and brother of John Tobin, the dramatist.

³⁶ "Southey." S. T. C.

³⁷ Joseph Hucks, the Cambridge friend with whom Coleridge made a tour through Wales in 1794 and who recorded this trip in his *Pedestrian Tour through North Wales in a Series of Letters*, 1795. He died in 1800 from consumption.

³⁸ S. T. C.'s note: "Written when fears were entertained of an Invasion. & Mr Sheridan & Mr Tierney were absurdly represented as having recanted because, tho' . . . in its origin, they . . ." This passage is quoted in E. H. Coleridge's edition of the *Poems*, I:299.

³⁹ After the G. Coleridge has added, II:69: "oodwin. A very vile Poem, Mister J. Goodwin! take a Brother Bard's word for it! [in pencil:] Possibly Goodwin, but as probably any name beginning in G. about its very vileness Doctors differ. some par[ts] are more than decent."

⁴⁰ S. T. C. has put a perpendicular line through the text.

⁴¹ S. T. C. II:74, line 5: "Homeward" is crossed and "Downward" added. II:75, line 13: "O" before "native" is crossed and "My" added. After the "C." he has added: "oleridge."

77	<i>Song, addressed to a Lady known from infancy</i>	F. R. S.	"Wrangham." H.
79	<i>A Christmas Carol</i>	Esteesi	Coleridge. ⁴²
83	<i>The Old Chikkasah to his Grandson</i>	Erthusyo	Southey. PW
86	<i>To a Friend</i>	C. H. S.	"C. H. Sherive." H. ⁴³
88	<i>History</i>		"R. S." H. ⁴⁴ PW
90	<i>Gorthmund</i>	William Case Junr ⁴⁵	
97	<i>St Romuald</i>	Byondo	Southey. PW
101	<i>To Lydia</i>	J. W. T.	Tobin.
103	<i>To a Friend, who had de- clared his intention of writing no more poetry</i>	Esteesi. 1796	Coleridge.
106	<i>The King of the Crocodiles</i>	Byondo	Southey. PW
110	<i>On a Dull Fellow Being Elected to a College Fellowship</i>		"R. S." H. ⁴⁶
112	<i>Vezins and Regnier</i>		"R. S." H.
115	<i>Snuff</i>	Theoderit	Southey. PW
117	<i>To Anna</i>	C. H. S.	"herive." H.
119	<i>Eclogue. The Wedding</i>		"R. S." H. PW
127	<i>The Poet Perplex</i>	Byondo	Southey. PW
129	<i>The Cosmetic</i>	C. H. S.	"herive." H.
131	<i>An Evening Walk at Cromer</i>	Mrs. Opie	
134	<i>To a Bee "Thou wert out betimes, thou busy busy bee"</i>		"R. S." H. PW

⁴² S. T. C. Esteesi. II:82. Stanza IX crossed out. This stanza was omitted by S. T. C. in later editions of his works. This deletion was not noted by E. H. Coleridge in his edition.

⁴³ Rev. Christopher Hardy Sherive. Wadham College, B.A. 1787. M.A. 1791. Died 1800. J. Foster. *Alumni Oxonienses*. No books of S. are in the British Museum or Bodleian.

⁴⁴ "Southey." S. T. C.

⁴⁵ Not otherwise identified. No books of Case are in the British Museum or Bodleian.

⁴⁶ S. T. C. marks "Southey" after the poems on pp. 110, 112, 119, 134, and 136. He also confirms, without additional comment, Southey's attributions to the poems on pp. 145, 146, 149, 150, 156, 157, 162, 164, 191, 192, 193, 197, 235, 242, 253, 296, 297.

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|-----|---|-----------------------|--|
| 136 | <i>To a Friend Expressing a
Wish to Travel</i> | | "R. S." H. |
| 137 | <i>Ode to Mr Packwood</i> | J. W. T. | "obin." H. |
| 140 | <i>This Lime-Tree Bower</i> | Esteesi | Coleridge. ⁴⁷ |
| 145 | <i>Sonnet I "Much on my
early youth I love to
dwell"</i> | | "Wrangham." H. |
| 146 | <i>Sonnet II Written at
Matlock</i> | | "Wrangham." H. |
| 147 | <i>Sonnet III "While as I
wander thro thy time-
worn halls"</i> | J. W. T. | "obin." H. |
| 148 | <i>Sonnet IV "A wrinkled
crabbed man they
picture thee"</i> | Erthusyo | Southey. PW |
| 149 | <i>Sonnet V "I marvel not,
O Sun, that unto thee"</i> | | "R. S." H. PW |
| 150 | <i>Sonnet VI "Fair be thy
fortunes in the
distant land"</i> | | "R. S. Written with a
reference to G. S." ⁴⁸ |
| 151 | <i>Sonnet VII</i> | C. H. S. | "herive." H. |
| 152 | <i>Sonnet VIII</i> | William Case
Junr. | |
| 153 | <i>Sonnet IX To a Friend
with a Volume of MSS
Poems</i> | William Case
Junr. | |

⁴⁷ On II:140, lines 2-5, last part of 8, 9, and 10 crossed out, and the following written in:

Wander in gladness, pausing oft to view
The many-steeped Track magnificent
Of hilly Lawn and Pasture, and the Sea
With all its shadows. Yes! they wander
In gladness all:

On p. 141 all except the last 1½ lines are crossed out; on p. 142 the last half of 14, 15, 16, are crossed; at the bottom are these lines written in:

Less gross than bodily, within his soul
Kindling unutterable Thanksgivings
And Adorations, such perchance as rise
Before the Almighty Spirit, when he makes
Spirits perceive his presence.

On p. 143 last half of 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 are crossed; on line 20 "its black" is crossed and "that its wings" written in. The text of *This Lime Tree Bower* underwent many revisions, but these particular changes are not noted in E. H. Coleridge's edition.

⁴⁸ George Strachey, S.'s Westminster schoolfellow, who sought his fortune in India.

- 154 *Sonnet X* "Thou then art
come again NECES-
SITY!" "R. S." H.
- 155 *Sonnet XI* "Farewell my
home my home no
longer now" R. "S." H. PW
- 156 *Sonnet XII* To W. L. Esq.
while he sung a song to
Purcell's Music "S. T. C." H.⁴⁹
- 157 *Sonnet XIII* "Porlock thy
verdant vale so fair" "R. S." H. PW
- 158 *Sonnet XIV* To the . . . Charles Lloyd
Emont
- 159 *Sonnet XV* To Loch Charles Lloyd
Lomond
- 160 *Sonnet XVI* To a Water the late
Nymph Robert Lovell
- 161 *Sonnet XVII* "Oh I have
sat and fancied every
sound" "R. S." H.
- 162 *Sonnet XVIII* On leaving a
favourite residence "Wrangham." H.
- 163 *Sonnet XIX* On the same
subject "Wrangham." H.
- 164 *Sonnet XX* "She comes ma-
jestic with her swell-
ing sails" "R. S." H. PW
- 165 *Jasper* Mrs. Robinson⁵⁰
- 173 *The British Stripling's*
War-Song Esteesi Coleridge.⁵¹
- 175 *The Fair Democrat* C. H. S. "herive" H.
- 176 *The Old Batchelor, after
the manner of Spenser.
Reprinted Town and
Country Magazine for
1777. The Editor has*

⁴⁹ "inley" after W. L. S. T. C.

⁵⁰ Mrs. Mary Robinson (fl. 1802), known as "Perdita." This poem and *The Haunted Beach* (*A. A.*, II:254) S. T. C. secured. Cf. *Letters of S. T. Coleridge*, ed. E. H. Coleridge (London, 1895), I:322, 331.

⁵¹ S. T. C.'s MS. change (line 13) crossing out "when the Armies advance" and adding "in the heat of my Trance" is noted in E. H. Coleridge's edition.

*never seen it elsewhere,
though its excellence
ought to have rescued
it from obscurity.*

- | | | | |
|-----|--|------------------------------|---|
| 184 | <i>Song</i> | F. R. S. | H. Mackenzie. (Dyce) ⁵²
"Wrangham" H. |
| 186 | <i>Owen's Grave</i> | William Case
Junr. | |
| 189 | <i>The Death of Wallace</i> | Robert Southey | PW |
| 192 | <i>Something Childish</i> | Cordomi | "S. T. C." H. |
| 193 | <i>Home-sick. Written in
Germany</i> | Cordomi | "S. T. C." H. |
| 194 | <i>To a Flower</i> | Joseph Hucks | "Hucks" H. |
| 196 | <i>To his Veil</i> | | |
| 198 | <i>To a Brother, who had
been afflicted with a
long sickness</i> | Charles Lloyd | |
| 200 | <i>The Show. An English
Eclogue.</i> | Ryalto | Taylor. |
| 211 | <i>Song</i> | Acpio | Mrs. Opie. |
| 212 | <i>Ode to Georgiana,
Duchess of Devon-
shire</i> | Esteesi | Coleridge. ⁵³ |
| 217 | <i>To the Nightingale</i> | George Dyer | |
| 219 | <i>Omar at the Tomb of
Azza</i> | George Goodwin ⁵⁴ | |
| 223 | <i>Markoff, A Siberian
Eclogue</i> | Joseph Cottle | |
| 230 | <i>A Winter Sketch</i> | William Case
Junr. | |
| 231 | <i>Fire, Famine and
Slaughter. A War
Eclogue</i> | | "S. T. C." H. |
| 236 | <i>To a Young man attached
to the sports of the field</i> | Charles Lloyd | |

⁵² Published in *Works of Henry Mackenzie* (Edinburgh, 1808), VIII:34-41.

⁵³ The additional line (15) and the marking through of lines 68-77 are noted by E. H. Coleridge. Lines 55-56 S. T. C. has marked to read: "Than the poor Caterpillar The gaudy Butterfly."

⁵⁴ "A Man of Lynn, who once wrote to ask me when I should publish 'Madoc,' has published a volume of verses himself lately,—George Goodwin is his name. In reviewing his book, I was amused at cautioning him against imitating a living writer." S. to Taylor. *Memoir . . . Taylor*, I:263. S.'s review of G.'s *Rising Castle* (Lynn, 1798) is in the *Critical Review* for March, 1799. Cf. J. Zeitlin, *Southey's Contributions to "The Critical Review,"* in *Notes and Queries*, 12th Series, IV:95 (April, 1918).

240	<i>The Raven</i>		"S. T. C." H.
243	<i>On Leaving Bristol Wells</i>	The Rev. C. H. Sherive	
247	<i>An Elegy written in a London Churchyard. A Parody</i>	C.	"A. Cottle." H.
254	<i>The Haunted Beach</i>	Mrs. Robinson	
258	<i>God's Judgement on a Bishop</i>	R. S. Y.	Southey. PW
264	<i>Ode to a Pig, while his nose was being bored</i>	Theoderit	Southey.
267	<i>Epigrams I-X</i>		Each marked: "S. T. C." H.
	XI-XII		Each marked: "R. S." H.
	XIII-XIV		Each marked: "S. T. C." H.
	XV-XVII		Each marked: "Tobin" H. ⁵⁵
273	<i>Dramatic Fragment</i>		"R. S." H.
277	<i>Oxford. An Ode</i>	C. H. S.	"herive." H.
281	<i>Fragment</i>	George Goodwin	
284	<i>Democritus Junior, or the Laughing Philosopher</i>	George Dyer	
287	<i>Designed for a Tablet over the Grave of my Little Boy</i>	Edmund Everard	"J. Jennings." H.
288	<i>Lines on the Portrait of a Lady</i>		"S. T. C." H. ⁵⁶
289	<i>Written at Tenbury</i>	Edmund Everard	"Jennings." H.
291	<i>To an Unfortunate Woman</i>		"S. T. C." H. ⁵⁷
293	<i>Lines, descriptive of feelings produced by a visit</i>	K.	"Davy." H.
297	<i>Song of the Araucans</i>		"R. S." H. PW

⁵⁵ XVI is given as Coleridge's in E. H. Coleridge's edition, II:953, but Coleridge himself attributes it to Tobin. Coleridge attributes all his own and Tobin's as RS has done. Through I and II he has drawn a line and commented: "Dull and profane." Opposite XI (Southey's) he has this remark: "Flat! flat! Flat as a Flounder."

⁵⁶ Southey's attribution must be wrong. S. T. C. has written "Satterthwaite," who is otherwise unidentified. The poem is not published in Coleridge's works.

⁵⁷ S. T. C. has changed "Lavrac" to "Sky lark" and "Sing" to "spring."

Bibliographical Notes

The Case of the Altered "C"—

A Bibliographical Problem in the Beaumont and Fletcher First Folio

In order to fill in the bibliographical background for an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loves Cure, or The Martial Maid*, it became desirable to reconstruct the process of printing the sheets upon which the play appears in the 1647 folio. An interesting problem arose in the course of this reconstruction.

Loves Cure appears in the fifth of the eight sections of the folio. The play begins on 5Q3^r and ends on 5S6^r.

Three skeletons were used in section five. By "skeleton" is meant the border-lines which enclose the text of both pages of each forme. These skeletons may arbitrarily be designated "X," "Y," and "Z." They are characterized by peculiar breaks and curves in their lines.

The running-titles of the three skeletons may be clearly differentiated. Skeleton X has in "Loves Cure, or" a large "C", a heavy, perpendicular "L", a narrow "v", and a large space after the comma; skeleton Y has a large "C", a slanting "L", a narrow "v", and no space after the comma; skeleton Z has a small "C", a slanting "L", a broad "v", and a medium space after the comma. Skeleton X has "The Martiall Maid"; skeleton Y has "the Martiall Mayde"; skeleton Z has "The Martiall Maid," but the title is distinguished from that of X by the facts that the "l's" appear closer together, the bottom of the "h" runs together, and the first "a" betrays a minute break.

The type in the three sets of running-titles was not altered throughout the play—except in one significant position: "Loves Cure, or" in skeleton Y was printed with a small "C" on 5Q4^v; but in the subsequent appearances of skeleton Y a large "C" was used in the title (on 5R1^v, 5S2^v, and 5S4^v). Indeed, although there are no other differences as distinct as this, the entire title seems to have been recomposed after 5Q4^v was printed. The mystery is this: *Why was this change in the "C" made? Why was this title recomposed at this point and left unaltered thereafter?*

The solution of this problem lies in the fact that there is a change-over

from one play to another *within the gathering*. 5Q is a gathering of two sheets. *Loves Cure* begins on 5Q3^r *The Womans prize, or the Tamer tamed* ends on 5Q2^r. 5Q2^v is blank. Skeleton Y appears on both sides of the outer sheet, the skeletons occurring as follows:

<i>Skeleton</i>	<i>Sheet</i>	<i>Forme</i>
Z	inner	inner
X	inner	outer
Y	outer	inner
Y	outer	outer

Consider what had to be done with the running-titles during the change-over. Skeleton Y, up to this point, had "The Womans prize, or" in the *right* side and "the Tamer tamed" in the *left*. In order to print the outer forme of the outer sheet of this gathering, "Loves Cure, or" had to be in the *right* and "the Tamer tamed" in the *left*. For the inner forme of the outer sheet, "The Womans prize, or" had to be in the *right* and "the Martiall Mayde" in the *left*. For the subsequent uses of skeleton Y, "Loves Cure, or" had to be in the *right* side and "the Martiall Mayde" in the *left*.

"Loves Cure, or" in skeleton Y was recomposed after its appearance on the outer forme. Obviously, this was necessitated by the order in which the formes of the outer sheet were printed. If the outer forme was printed first, "Loves Cure, or" had to be composed and inserted into the place of "The Womans prize, or." Then, for the inner forme, "Loves Cure, or" had to be replaced by "The Womans prize, or." And for the subsequent uses of skeleton Y "Loves Cure, or" had to be reinserted into the right side. Thus, there is a clear explanation for the recomposition of "Loves Cure, or." If, on the other hand, the outer forme had been printed last, there would be no such explanation for the change. "Loves Cure, or" could have remained undisturbed in the right side of the skeleton for the subsequent printings. Therefore, the outer forme must have been printed before the inner. Either order entails the same number of changes. If the inner forme had been printed first, the double switch merely would have been necessary with the sub-titles, rather than the main-titles.

If this solution is correct, there must also have been a corresponding change in the title "The Womans prize, or" on 5Q1^v from its preceding appearances in skeleton Y. Examination reveals that there was such a change. Skeleton Y with this title appears on 5P3^v, 5O3^v, 5N4^v, 5N3^v, and 5N2^v. On each of these pages the title is the same—the bottom of the "h" almost joins and the "W" has two minute breaks in it. But in the title on 5Q1^v there is a wider break at the bottom of the "h," an unbroken

"W," a defective "m," and a slightly different "p." All these differences cannot be attributed to defective inking, and, though minute, they are distinct. They show that the title, which had remained unchanged on five previous pages, was altered, probably recomposed, before its use on 5Q1^v.

If the solution is correct, the sub-titles of both plays should betray no alteration. Examination reveals that such is the case. Therefore, the explanation checks at every point.

By this line of reasoning one is enabled to explain these typographical phenomena and at the same time to demonstrate the forme-order at this juncture. Here, since the main-titles were changed, the outer forme was printed before the inner. If, conversely, the sub-titles showed signs of re-composition, it would be apparent that the inner forme had been printed first.

For further corroboration, gathering 5C may be examined. In this gathering there is a similar change-over—from *The Sea Voyage* to *The Double Marriage*. The former ends on 5C2^r and the latter begins on 5C3^r. 5C2^v is blank. Here, however, there are no sub-titles, the same running-title appearing *recto* and *verso* with each play.

The skeletons occur as follows:

<i>Skeleton</i>	<i>Sheet</i>	<i>Forme</i>
Z	inner	inner
X	inner	outer
X	outer	inner
Y	outer	outer

Strange things happened to the titles in this gathering. "The Sea Voyage" on 5C1^r in skeleton Y is the same setting as those on 5A1^v, 5A4^v, 5B3^v, and 5B4^v, the previous appearances of skeleton Y. But note that the title is now on the *opposite side of the forme*. The title may be distinguished by the peculiar "g."

"The Sea Voyage" on 5C1^v in skeleton X is a recomposition (or, what amounts to the same thing, it may be one of those that had been used in skeleton Z), being unlike the titles that appear in either side of skeleton X before this (see 5A2^r, 5A2^v, 5A3^r, 5A3^v, 5B2^v, and 5B3^r). Again, this is evident from the difference in the "g."

"The Sea Voyage" on 5C2^r in skeleton X is the same setting in the same side as occurs prior to this in skeleton X (see 5A2^r, 5A3^r, and 5B3^r).

5C2^v is blank, and there is no running-title on 5C3^r, where *The Double Marriage* begins.

"The double Marriage" on 5C3^v is a new composition, since the play has just begun.

But "The double Marriage" on 5C4^r in skeleton X is apparently *the same setting as that on 5C3^v*, differing by the "d" and the "g" from other settings of the title.

"The Double Marriage" on 5C4^v in skeleton Y remains unchanged in the subsequent appearances of the skeleton (see 5D2^v, 5D4^v, etc.).

Beyond this, odd things happened to the skeletons themselves. In skeleton X, on the outer sheet, inner forme, the two uppermost lines, which enclose the titles, were reversed; that is, the two on the right side were moved over to the left and the two on the left were moved over to the right. On the outer sheet, outer forme, the entire skeleton was reversed; that is, the right side of skeleton Y was moved over to the left and *vice versa*.

These phenomena seem difficult of explanation at first glance. But when it is considered what the printers had to do during the change-over everything falls neatly into place.

The top lines of skeleton X, which were reversed on the outer sheet, inner forme, are unchanged thereafter (until they are switched back in gathering 5F, outer sheet, outer forme, during the next change-over). In skeleton X on the inner sheet, outer forme, the lines are as they were on the previous appearances of the skeleton (see 5A, inner sheet, outer forme, and inner sheet, inner forme; 5B, inner sheet, inner forme). It is obvious, therefore, that the inner sheet, outer forme of 5C was printed before the outer sheet, inner forme.

Now, previous to this, skeleton X had "The Sea Voyage" in both sides. For the printing of the inner sheet, outer forme, "The Sea Voyage" could be left undisturbed in the left side. It has been noted that this title was unchanged. "The double Marriage" was required in the right side, calling for a new composition, as has been noted.

But for the outer sheet, inner forme, "The Sea Voyage" had to be in the *right* and "The double Marriage" had to be in the *left*, demanding a simple reversal. Since the titles are of different lengths, it was more convenient to move everything between the two top lines—the spacing slugs, or furniture, as well as the type—and thus the lines themselves were switched. "The double Marriage" found its way intact. Indeed, there were probably no other settings of this title on the composition table. But during this switch "The Sea Voyage" became changed, perhaps by its being dropped, mislaid, or, more likely, by its being exchanged for one of those from skeleton Z, both of which were finished with at this time and perhaps lying on the table. Obviously, it would have made no difference to the printers

which "The Sea Voyage" they used. At any rate, it should occasion no surprise that a title betrays alteration, once it is seen that it was necessary to take it out of the skeleton and afterwards reinsert it.

But why was skeleton Y reversed on the outer sheet, outer forme? This phenomenon occurs only here in the entire section. This was the first time that the printers of section five encountered the complications of a change-over within the gathering—on this job. The evidence seems to show that here they made an error, originally placing the text of *The Sea Voyage* under the title, which was already there, in the *right* side of the skeleton, and inserting "The Double Marriage" and the text of that play in the *left*. Discovering their error, they took the easiest way. They simply shifted texts, titles, border-lines, and all from each side to the other. This accounts not only for the reversal of the skeleton but also for the fact that "The Sea Voyage" on 5C1^r is the same setting as appears previously on the opposite side of skeleton Y, a phenomenon which has been noted. During this reversal, incidentally, the two pieces that formed the left vertical rule of the skeleton were turned upside down.

Finally, "The Double Marriage" on 5C4^v could have remained undisturbed in the right side for the subsequent uses of skeleton Y in the play. Accordingly, the title betrays no later alteration.

Alterations of running-titles in change-over gatherings are to be looked for. And they may usually be explained by a consideration of just what the printers had to do in each case.

GUY A. BATTLE

T. B. Aldrich and "Household Words"

It may not be often that one is able to record a first printing of a poem by an American author in a cheap and complete reissue, in volume form, of an English periodical; to record that the reissue was printed, excepting advertisements and topical notices, from the plates of the original, which nevertheless did not contain the poem; and to record that, since the original dates were retained, the poem was made to appear under a date seventeen years earlier than that in which the author wrote it. Uncommon or not, such a record belongs to T. B. Aldrich. Fortunately, two documents, and two only, are sufficient to attest its truth.

Volume I of Dickens's *Household Words* was first published by Bradbury and Evans in 1850, when Aldrich was in his fourteenth year, and reprinted from the same stereotyped plates by Ward, Lock, & Tyler, with S. O. Beeton as editor, in 1868. (In the course of the next two years all

the other eighteen volumes were reprinted and reissued.) On page 49 of this reissued volume (but not on any page in any volume of the original) was printed, under the date of 13 April 1850, Aldrich's poem, *The Flight of the Goddess*, which he publicly protested he wrote, and first published, in 1867 and which did not appear in American book form until *Flower and Thorn* of 1877. Such seem to be the bare facts. The two documents will explain and clothe them for the benefit of the hypothetical and excitable collector who is on the point of proving to the world that Dickens had recognized a mature poet in the thirteen-year-old Aldrich and had published what seemed to be, and could have been, the boy's first poem.

The first is a letter, dated September 1868, which Aldrich sent from Boston to the London *Athenaeum* in protest against what he called a "publisher's trick." It was printed in the number of October 10 and is reprinted here in full:

I beg leave, under your favour, to call attention to the serious injury which Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler have done me by interpolating my poem, 'The Flight of the Goddess,' in their reprint of the first volume of *Household Words*, page 49. The poem appears in the third number, dated April 13, 1850,—*just seventeen years before the verses were written!* I protest against this publisher's trick, since it lays me open to a very grave charge; for any one reading the so-called reprint of *Household Words* would naturally infer that I had imposed on the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which magazine I published the poem in 1867. On page 49 of the original edition of *Household Words* is a short article entitled 'The Household Narrative,' and in the reprint the title of this article is included in the Index, though it does not appear in the volume, having been removed to give place to 'The Flight of the Goddess,' without a word of acknowledgment to me, or any explanation whatever to the reader, who labours under the delusion that he has purchased a faithful reprint of *Household Words*.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

The second document is the quick reply of S. O. Beeton in the next number of the *Athenaeum*, that of October 17. Since he has much less to say than Aldrich and takes nearly one-and-a-half columns of close print to say it in five numbered paragraphs, I should like to be forgiven for ruthlessly abridging them and trusted to do Beeton justice. Like too many of us, he practically admits that his opponent is right and then takes an unconscionable time and much space to plead a very weak case. His five paragraphs can be reduced to these: (1) He says that "Mr. Fields, the Boston publisher, knows the circumstances full well" (whatever this may mean) and then sneers at Aldrich for thinking to benefit by publicity, forgetting, if he ever knew, that the *Athenaeum* had years before given very high praise to Aldrich's poetry; (2) he makes great play over a trivial mistake by pointing out that "the article" called "The Household Narrative" was in fact a topical announcement or advertisement and that all such printed

matter was eliminated from the reprint by general agreement—it “was accordingly cancelled in the stereotyped plates, and a poem inserted”; (3) since the poem is unsigned in the *Atlantic* of October 1867 (though the author’s name is in the index), he makes the further and stronger point that he did not know the name of the writer of “The Flight of the Goddess,” which, being in a magazine, “it was open to any English publisher to reproduce”; (4) he insists that, excepting the omissions mentioned above, the reissue is printed from the original stereotyped plates and is therefore an exact reprint; and (5) he has his last little fling: “From all copies hereafter printed, ‘The Flight of the Goddess’ shall be removed; or I will add thereto, now that the writer’s name is known to me, ‘J. [sic] B. Aldrich, *Atlantic Monthly*, 1867’ . . . If Mr. Aldrich is the man I take him to be, he will let ‘The Flight of the Goddess’ go on in its present position.” The whole is signed “S. O. Beeton.”

I have seen no reply from Aldrich, nor do I know whether Beeton carried out one or the other of the promises in his last paragraph. Neither, it seems, would affect what is the only fact that concerns me here—that the poem was printed under the year 1850 in what was advertised as a faithful reprint published in 1868.

I add a few details on the publication of that volume I. It was issued in two forms: monthly parts, of which Part I was announced by Ward, Lock, & Tyler as “with the May magazines” in *Publishers’ Circular* of April 1, 1868; and the half-year’s issues bound up, in (a) stiff coloured wrappers at 2/6 and (b) “extra cloth, bevelled boards and gilt back” at 3/6. In both these bindings it was advertised as “ready this day” (which much reading tells me may or may not be a lie) in *Publishers’ Circular* of June 1 and *Bookseller* of June 2, and listed by the first of June 15 among books published during the past two weeks and by the second of July 1 among books published during the past month.

Amid all this jugglery with dates, the conclusion seems clear: that by his theft Beeton has added one more piece and one more first edition to the Aldrich bibliography—unless, indeed, the poem can be found in a book published between October 1867 and June 1868. He may, of course, have multiplied his theft; and I for one shall allow others to ruffle the pages of the whole nineteen volumes of the reprinted *Household Words* in search of first printings of this and other American authors. May their harvest be rich, and Beeton receive the honor that will be his due.

G. J. L. GOMME

Book Reviews

BODMER, MARTIN. *Eine Bibliothek der Weltliteratur*. Zürich, Atlantis Verlag, 1947. 168 pp. 9¾ x 6¾ inches. ("Der allgemeine Teil" issued as "Neujahrsblatt der Gelehrten Gesellschaft Zürich.")

The Bodmer family of Zürich has long been eminent in the annals of collecting. It became evident, as the inter-war period drew to a close, that a new and notable Bodmer collection, in the field of literature, was in process of formation. It was known, for example, that Martin Bodmer, editor (with Herbert Steiner) of the literary periodical *Corona* and its attendant *Schriften*, was the possessor of a 42-line Bible, had acquired the Holford copy of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, and was assembling an array of important pieces in German literature. But the hints were isolated, often seemingly unrelated, and the collection as a whole remained unappraisable. A first step in remedying this situation has now been taken by the collector himself, who in the present book first discusses at some length the philosophical conceptions underlying his collection and then presents a rapid survey of its contents. As a result, one has for the first time some understanding of its highly rationalized essential character and at least a partial view of its unusual scope and remarkable quality.

Herr Bodmer's unifying principle is that of "Weltliteratur,"¹ a concept which is defined, redefined, and analyzed for a considerable number of pages. "Weltliteratur" is literature of world significance, literature, that is, which embodies the central core of human experience and aspiration in a presentation transcending nation and period. Again, "das Ewig-Eine, das sich vielfach offenbart, das ist das Geheimnis des Weltliterarischen," or "Weltliteratur" is "die Resultante der Wirkung aller Literaturen aller Zeiten aufeinander." In such a consideration, the essential features of comparative literature, the more recondite implications of translation, and above all one more attempt to define the concept "classic" are all apposite for treatment. "Classic" is indeed resorted to as a prime criterion in selecting authors and works for inclusion, but the discussion never quite comes to grips with its subject, hovering about the periphery in a series of tangential

¹ A term, given currency by Goethe, which, as Herr Bodmer points out, is untranslatable, "Littérature Mondiale" and "World's (or World) Literature," for example, yielding very different connotations.

sweeps. A chief feature of "classic" is its character of heritage; it is not a beginning, but a height and mean of the centuries, which presupposes due respect for the past, joy in the present, and trust in the future. "Classic" is, however, not only a golden mean but the key to understanding national literatures. Yet another aspect of "classic" is its universal validity. And so forth. It is significant that, in closing the first section of the book, the author questions whether "classic" will be able to exist in the future, whether mere mass without limits, begotten of technical advance, will not destroy its prerequisites through removal of a standard of measure, through removal, that is, of another world to give counterpoise to this. "Nicht die Technik an sich führt zur Barbarei, sondern ihre Ausschliesslichkeit." A similar question had been asked earlier with respect to "Weltliteratur" in general, as the author pointed out the strange fate whereby the concepts of "Weltliteratur" and "Nationalliteratur" had arisen almost simultaneously, with consequent continual endangering of the former by the latter, particularly in Germany. Herr Bodmer provides no answer to his questions; many readers will, however, regard the very existence of his collection, assembled on the basis described, as an important phenomenon in a time of gropings towards a supra-national consciousness, since such a consciousness must inevitably be derived from the same central core of a common humanity.

In another sense, however, the seventy thousand volumes of the Bodmer collection, assembled by one person in a period of twenty-five years, provide a successful renewal, if with a difference, of an older tradition. The unifying concept selected has resulted in the revival of the general collection, such as was the norm until the multiplication of material and the intensification of categories in the nineteenth century. Very fittingly, Herr Bodmer hails the pioneer *Bibliotheca universalis* of his fellow-townsmen Conrad Gesner. But the difference, which sets off this latest collection from its predecessors, and at the same time marks its creator as a child of his time, is the elaborately self-conscious approach, manifested no less in the meticulous systematics of arrangement than in the wrestlings with philosophical hypothesis. Such a collection is indeed a personal confession.

We are told that an outer arrangement and content are paralleled by an inner arrangement and content. The outer arrangement embraces five major areas which are divided into thirteen groups: literature, linguistics, bibliography; fine arts, music, theatre; religion, philosophy, education; history, cultural history, social sciences; natural sciences. Subdivisions of these thirteen groups total about two hundred. The inner arrangement depends primarily upon historical sectors of intellectual experience, and

hence is marshaled on the basis of the classical world, Bible, Middle Ages, Renaissance and Baroque, eighteenth to twentieth centuries. The most important of the thirteen groups in the outer arrangement is naturally literature, or that part labeled "Dichtung." Emphasis is further upon European literature (Goethe once went so far as to say: "Europäische, das heisst Weltliteratur"), although there is a highly selective representation of the non-European literatures. Within the European literatures, it is the major ones which are stressed, and within these their chief figures. Everywhere it is a matter of comprehending the universal through the typical. Finally, the central point of departure for the collection is German literature, with Goethe as the nucleus of the whole; the author states that as a "Zürcher" he has no other course, though elsewhere he says none will deny that of all literatures founded on a world language German is the least international, the least famed, apparently because it has hardly produced anything which the literatures of other world languages did not likewise, after their fashion, possess. In this connection one may note the later remark of the author that German literature does not possess a great national figure such as Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, or Racine, for Goethe falls within a different category, presenting a synthesis of what has gone before, in a largely non-national sense, so that we meet in him something new and other.

The major figures of the major European literatures are, ideally, represented through first editions, manuscripts, critical and complete editions, German translations, appraisals, and bibliographies. For the greatest figures such representation is in large measure realized, though completeness is never in question, and the possibilities naturally vary greatly from author to author as well as from period to period. Particular concentration of effort has been directed toward those figures whom the author regards as standing for an entire period, such as Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, or Goethe. To take Dante as an example, the collection contains one hundred ten editions, sixty works on Dante, and a 1412 illuminated manuscript of the *Commedia*. The editions include eleven of the twelve incunabules, among them the first and that of 1481 with all nineteen of the Botticelli illustrations. There is a nearly complete array of German translations, and a selection of translations, including the earliest, from other languages. Here as elsewhere, Herr Bodmer notes that the collecting is not finished, that pieces are constantly being added—although the collection as a whole must perforce always remain a fragment. The section devoted to Goethe is naturally even more extensive than that for Dante, while equally naturally that for Shakespeare is less so.

The minor literatures of Europe and the non-European literatures are

represented largely through German translations, while for areas other than literature material in the German language is the rule, the chief exceptions being reference works and the great classics of these non-literary fields. Since the forms in which literature is transmitted are of importance in illuminating the shifting aspects of "Weltliteratur," these forms receive due attention, with the development of printing particularly stressed, and selective representation of manuscripts reaching back to Sumerian clay tablets. Specimens of printing include one hundred eighty incunabula of important literary texts, followed by samples from all later centuries derived from approximately fifty languages. This attention to the form of transmittal keys in with another aim of the collection, namely, to demonstrate the life of a literary text through succeeding periods. As a general summary of the principles of selection and arrangement adopted for the collection, the following may be quoted:

So verstanden ist ihr Ziel, die Vielfalt einem zentralen Gedanken unterzuordnen und durch richtige Wahl und Gruppierung von Büchern diesen immer klarer herauszuarbeiten. Jedes einzelne Stück soll ein Glied im Plane sein, die geistige Entwicklung des Menschen, vorzüglich des abendländischen, aufzuzeigen.

In surveying the various periods covered by the scheme of "inner" arrangement, the author seeks to present in brief his own characterization of the more significant figures and works. Here again the personal element in this outwardly highly generalized collection is manifest. Occasionally also he will point out ways in which the collection might be used for study, as in the case of the idyll or that of cultural developments reflected in early printing, or will review in some detail the holdings of a particular author or subject (for example, Ariosto). As one follows through the centuries one acknowledges ever more readily that both in scope and in quality Herr Bodmer has gone far toward realizing his ideal.

There is space for the mention of only a selection of the particularly notable features of the collection: a ninth-century manuscript of Paulus Diaconus; a Chinese block-book of the twelfth century (with three European exemplars); the Eibach manuscript of the *Eneis* of Heinrich von Veldeke; a manuscript of Sa'dī, 1320, which is the oldest known containing both the *Būstān* and the *Gulistān*; a fourteenth-century manuscript of Arthurian romances which for a part of the text is the only known source; the great Phillipps manuscript of Virgil; the unique copy of the earliest known edition of the anonymous Italian epic on Charlemagne, *Inamoramento di Carlo Magno*, 1481; at least three Caxtons (*Reynart the Foxe*

1481, *Canterbury Tales* ca. 1484, Christine de Pisan's *Fayttes of Armes* 1489); the only complete copy of what may be the first edition of the *Celestina*, Toledo, 1500; one of three known copies of the first, broadside, edition of Luther's *Theses*, 1517; an edition of Plutarch with Rabelais' signature and notes; sixteen first editions of Ronsard, including one not in the Bibliothèque Nationale; nearly all the works of Lope de Vega in first editions (including four hundred and seventy comedies); a perhaps uniquely complete collection of early German Faust books; a presentation copy of the *Pastor Fido*, 1602; possibly the leading collection of Shakespeare outside the Anglo-Saxon countries; a very full collection of La Fontaine, including the autograph manuscript of an entire fable; one of the world's greatest collections of Goethe, including twenty manuscripts, of which nine are of parts of *Faust*; several of the rare Schiller manuscripts; important manuscripts of Hölderlin; the manuscript of Novalis' *Hymnen an die Nacht*. Dante has already been mentioned. There are, further, single drawings by Michelangelo,² Dürer, Rembrandt, Watteau, and music manuscripts of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Wagner. One must observe, however, that through lack of space Herr Bodmer's present account gives little opportunity to appraise his holdings of the printed works of the last three centuries, or of the manuscripts for the same centuries of European literatures other than German. For the manuscripts he does provide a list of authors, but without information (except in one or two instances) of the nature of the material, although there is the general statement that in this section the emphasis has been placed upon lyric, not only because there are so many lyrics of the period, but because in the lyric the most sublime can be encompassed in the smallest space. For the printed works there is not even such a list, so that one is in ignorance of the representation in the collection of the young Russian and American literatures, or of such an "area" as historical writing, in the literary sense, during the period in question. We are promised, however, a later publication to supply these needs, at least in part.

In general, Herr Bodmer's unifying principle has led him to select authors and works which have been widely if not universally recognized as outstandingly representative of their language, period, or region. It is an assembly of the best-known names, and more particularly of those which have had an influence beyond their own language. The adoption of German culture as a central point for the collection has, however, led to occasional inconsistency, most marked perhaps in the extensive gathering of

² It may be noted parenthetically that there appears to be only one work of Michelangelo in the United States, a notebook leaf of drawings in the Metropolitan Museum.

German Baroque works. At times Herr Bodmer seems to be collecting German literature rather than "Weltliteratur."

The book proper closes with a brief note on the potential uses to which the collection may be put and a slightly more extended discussion of the procedure and philosophy of collecting. We are told that definite plans have been made for exploiting the collection: a series of bibliographies pertaining to important sections and relationships; a "Jahrbuch" containing cultural-philosophical, historical, and philological contributions by noted writers; the exchange of experiences and conclusions with other libraries; and temporary exhibitions in a specially designed room. For reasons not given, the final step, that of opening the collection to scholars and students, is at present not to be realized. There are, we learn, about ten thousand bibliographical works; nonetheless, it may be that the collector is over-optimistic regarding the possibilities for a center of research, since it might seem that only a great public reference collection would be commensurate with the scope and diversity of the original material.

In discussing the collecting itself, Herr Bodmer rehearses the prerequisites for the successful pursuit of such an end as his. First of all, there is needed an extended net of connections, a special "Sammelpolitik und Einkaufsstrategie" which must be steadily developed and improved. One must follow and test the market in all its forms, and be ready to make lightning decisions of considerable weight. Before everything else, however, there must be sure judgment and a thorough knowledge of the most diverse fields, with a sense of proportion as the presiding genius of the whole, in order that the collection may not be a heaping up but a continually refined selection. (The final essential, material means, is left unmentioned, as presumably fully obvious.)

There follow reflections upon the "personality" of a private collection, which is so distinct that the same copy of a book will have a different significance in different hands. Indeed, each collection must be different, even when the aims and the starting points appear to be the same, for each is the child of its creator, and the creator changes and grows even as the collection.

Lastly, we are reminded that the rigor of the game continually increases, as the market grows ever better organized, collectors more tutored, and the great prizes ("Nichts ist so selten wie das wirkliche wertvolle Bach") scarcer through removal into public hands or the attrition of time (the latter emphasized by the losses of our most recent years). In hardly an instance, Herr Bodmer remarks, has another copy of one of the "great" pieces in the collection appeared within the last twenty years, and this situation will

presumably extend itself progressively to lesser and lesser works. Of the inevitable gaps some may yet be filled, but others will undoubtedly remain open.

An appendix in part makes more explicit certain sections of the main text and in part covers new, if supplementary, ground. It includes an analysis of the thirteen major divisions of the collection, with brief indication of the categories contained in each; a summary of the system of cataloguing; a setting forth in some detail of the material in a particular subdivision of the mediaeval section of the "inner" arrangement, *i.e.*, the Matter of Britain and the Matter of France; a list of non-European documents, divided between manuscripts and printed works (the latter rather arbitrarily subdivided); and two pages of plans of the building which houses the collection, a converted schoolhouse in Zürich.

Here then is clear demonstration of the greatness of a collection which until now was largely known only through surmise and rumor. One congratulates Herr Bodmer upon his achievement, so closely approximating to what might have seemed at the outset a noble but unobtainable goal—and one looks forward eagerly to the publication of a catalogue which will set forth in full the richness necessarily only imperfectly foreshadowed by the present account.

G. W. COTTRELL, JR.

LEYH, GEORG. *Die deutschen wissenschaftlichen Bibliotheken nach dem Krieg*. Tübingen, Verlag von J. C. B. Mohr (Paul Siebeck), 1947. 222 pp. 9¼ x 6¼ inches.

This remarkably detailed survey of German research libraries in the post-war period was executed single-handed under the most difficult conditions imaginable by Georg Leyh, recently retired as librarian of the University of Tübingen and widely known in Europe and America as one of the editors of the great *Handbuch der Bibliothekswissenschaft*, as a leader in international library coöperation, and, above all, as one of the most successful practicing librarians in Germany during the last two decades. The book covers all the more important public collections in forty-eight leading library centers in present-day Germany, excluding Austria and the territories lost to Poland and Russia. Statements of losses in buildings, book-stock, and personnel are as complete as possible, although constantly shifting conditions such as personnel changes due to Nazi affiliations and recovery of stored book collections will continue to modify the German library situation for several years to come.

The greatest damage done to German libraries has been the administrative disorganization and the damage to the buildings. The detailed register of German librarians active today (pp. 199-217) supplements admirably the latest issue of the *Jahrbuch der deutschen Bibliotheken* available in this country, but many a prominent name is missing, *e.g.*, Hugo Andres Krüss (died 27 April 1945), Konrad Haebler (died 13 March 1947), and Hermann Herbst (died 17 July 1944), to mention but a few names internationally known in bibliographical circles. The Öffentliche Wissenschaftliche Bibliothek (former Preussische Staatsbibliothek) can use only the ground floor of that part of the building facing Unter den Linden and a few rooms in the east and west wings. Only two of the seven wings of the Bayerische Staatsbibliothek can be occupied. The Japanisches Palais, home of the Sächsische Landesbibliothek, is in ruins. Less than a dozen important libraries can show no serious damage to their buildings.

Losses of book-stock were tremendous, both in the buildings and in storage. Losses through total destruction range slowly down from 100 per cent in the Reichstag Library to a handful of fortunate libraries which lost but a few thousand books in storage. Confiscation reduced the old Herzogliche Bibliothek in Gotha (formerly some 400,000 volumes) by 265,000 volumes, the Bremen Stadtbibliothek (formerly some 280,000) by 150,000, and completely wiped out many of the best special libraries in the Russian zone.

Fortunately the rare books and manuscripts of most libraries were stored early in the war and given special treatment. A few irreplaceable losses have been reported, *e.g.*, the manuscript of the Old High German *Hildebrandslied* stolen from a bunker where it had been stored by the Kassel Landesbibliothek and 725 incunabula of the Buchmuseum in Leipzig.

The manuscript of the *Gesamtkatalog der Wiegendrucke* is safe in the Öffentliche Wissenschaftliche Bibliothek; but the older part of the *Deutscher Gesamtkatalog* is still stored somewhere in Pomerania, while the newer part and the reference apparatus were destroyed in storage in Lusatia. To carry on the DGK, however valuable, would be a quixotic undertaking without thorough overhauling, probably a new beginning. But the continuation of the GKW is a thoroughly practical task, if only proper editorial personnel and financial assistance can be found.

Dr. Leyh's book is the exact opposite of what we generally conceive as a survey of holdings: it tells scholars what can no longer be supplied rather than what is actually available. But it is no less valuable for this characteristic. In particular, it is significant as a symbol of continuing vitality among

the best elements in German librarianship despite the greatest possible catastrophe.

For those who do not have access to the present volume there is a good summary entitled "Die Lage der deutschen wissenschaftlichen Bibliotheken," originally delivered as an address to the Vereinigung Schweizerischer Bibliothekare in December 1946 and printed in the *Nordisk Tidskrift för Bok- och Biblioteksväsen*, XXXIV (1947), 59-80.

LAWRENCE S. THOMPSON

DUFRÉNOY, MARIE-LOUISE. *L'Orient Romanesque en France, 1704-1789*. Montréal, Editions Beauchemin, 1946-1947. 2 vols. 380+509 pp. 10¾ x 7⅛ inches. Vol. I, \$3.00; Vol. II, \$6.00.

The bibliophile, bibliographer, and general student of the humanities alike will profit by Mlle. Dufrénoy's extensive research on Oriental influences in French fiction between 1704 and 1789. She justifies her chronological limits by explaining that in 1704 appeared the first volume of Antoine Galland's translation of the *Thousand and One Nights*, a milestone in comparative literature, and that taking 1789 as the final year permits the inclusion of pre-Revolutionary pamphlets having an Oriental satirical background. The otherwise logical terminal date would be 1780 because of the rapidly increasing contributions to Oriental scholarship about that time. Galland and Voltaire are the authorities for limiting the Orient geographically to the Near East except Palestine, Algeria, Persia, India, China, Japan, and Siam.

After summarizing the contribution of the Orient to French thought prior to 1704, and the development of Oriental fiction in French literature from 1704 to 1790, Mlle. Dufrénoy reviews a considerable number of works of varying degrees of importance under the following headings: *L'Orient Galant*, *La Satire Orientale*, *Les Aspirations du XVIIIe Siècle et Leur Expression dans la Fiction Orientale*. The writings of such well-known authors as Crébillon *filz*, Diderot, Montesquieu, and Voltaire, as well as many secondary writers, have been scrutinized for their possible contribution to the Oriental vogue of the period.

To the readers of this journal the primary interest of Mlle. Dufrénoy's study probably lies in the second volume which bears the title *Bibliographie Générale*. The introduction contains an elaborate description of the three main divisions of the bibliography: *Bibliographie des Sources (XVIIe et XVIIIe Siècles)*, *Bibliographie Chronologique des Œuvres d'Imagination Orientales*, *Ouvrages de Référence*.

The first division comprises seventeenth- and eighteenth-century publications which may have influenced French authors of Oriental tales. These include informational works such as translations of Confucius, the *Koran* and fables; historical and geographical treatises, travel narratives, literary and philosophical studies, eighteenth-century collections and a list of eighteenth-century periodicals examined by the author.

In Part II, the chronological bibliography, Mlle. Dufrénoy has included not only titles of works obviously Oriental in form or content, but also those which would seem to be models for later Oriental works, as for instance, Cyrano de Bergerac's *Histoire Comique des Etats et Empires du Soleil* which is a typical imaginary voyage. The compiler explains that a statistical analysis of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century works more or less Oriental in nature seems to justify her selection of 1704 as the beginning of her intensive study, but she has included seventeenth-century publications to emphasize the greatly increased activity about 1704. This section is supplemented by very useful alphabetical lists of authors, anonymous works, and works mentioned in the first volume, as well as a list of the principal libraries and collections consulted in the preparation of the chronological bibliography.

The third section of the general bibliography is composed primarily of works published after the period subjected to special study. It lists general historical and literary bibliographies, the collected works of certain eighteenth-century authors examined in a search for Oriental material, and finally, secondary material of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries which provided additional bibliographical aid and criticism.

This brief outline of the bibliographies which form more than half the bulk of *L'Orient Romanesque en France* should leave no doubt in the reader's mind as to the mass of material which has been handled nor as to its interesting compilation. However, its usefulness would have been increased by including in the check lists the location of titles actually consulted and the pagination of both source and secondary material. Apparently the only entries giving pagination are those found in Silas Paul Jones' *List of French Prose Fiction from 1700 to 1750* (New York: The H. W. Wilson Co., 1939). Perhaps this reviewer is somewhat prejudiced in spite of a keen interest in the ebb and flow of literary and intellectual currents. Nevertheless the extensive use of statistical methods in the introduction to the bibliography seems unnecessary. The two most useful graphs out of ten show the development of Oriental fiction from 1700 to 1799, and the relative importance of the novel and Oriental novel in France, of Oriental tales in England and English translations of French novels. The Oriental setting

diminished with the growing popularity of the sentimental novel after 1746.

There are other criticisms which will doubtless occur to any careful user of this reference work, especially the confusion which assails one in the author's use of the terms Orient and Oriental. In spite of her definitions, one feels occasional lapses into mere exoticism of the Western hemisphere. But after all, we should be very grateful for the treasure-house of information which she has put within our reach so that we may venture farther in our own bibliographical voyages.

MARY-MARGARET H. BARR

FISCH, MAX H. *Nicolaus Pol Doctor 1494, with a Critical Text of his Guaiaac Tract Edited with a Translation by Dorothy M. Schullian*. New York, Published for The Cleveland Medical Library Association by Herbert Reichner [1947]. 246 pp. 18 plates. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches. \$7.50.

NASH, RAY. *Dürer's 1511 Drawing of a Press and Printer*. Cambridge, Harvard College Library, 1947. 8 leaves, 1 plate. 9 x 12 inches. \$2.50.

The two authors, the printer, the publisher and The Cleveland Medical Library Association have every reason to be proud of the publication of this volume. Its literary content and its physical appearance will satisfy the most exacting scholars and booklovers.

Dr. Max Fisch presents, for the first time in English, a full account of the life of Dr. Nicolaus Pol and Dr. Dorothy Schullian gives us the original, plus a careful translation, of Pol's *Guaiaac Tract*. On the one hand, Pol emerges as a very real person and as one of the most important (and neglected) book collectors of his day; on the other, the doctor's medical knowledge is offered to historians of science in a manner worthy of the best traditions in Classical philology. At this point, one must say, with regret, that it is unfortunately impossible to give a full estimate of the character of Pol's library (originally some thirteen hundred and fifty books) in view of the fact that so many of his books are still scattered and unidentified; this, however, the authors hope to remedy at some time in the future. The discourse on the "*Lignum sanctum*," despite its interest, is not likely to persuade the medical profession to forsake the use of penicillin.

The bibliographical section may be expected to be of greatest interest to the members of this Bibliographical Society. Here too, the compilers have done an excellent job. Inevitably, in works of this sort, minor slips and misprints are to be encountered and so the listing is not wholly without

error. But the number of such slips is much smaller than one expects to find upon reasonably careful scrutiny.

If a word of criticism is to be offered, it is that some scholars may regret that greater use was not made of Robert Proctor's *Index* for 1501-1520, begun by Proctor himself and continued by Frank Isaac. These volumes would have supplied the name of the printer (Jacob Köbel) for nos. 40 and 41, as well as the presses for nos. 244, 277, 454, etc. According to Proctor (11466 and 11462), the printer of nos. 140 and 141 was Wolfgang Stöckel and the latter book may be dated 23 March 1514. No. 364 can be attributed to [Tübingen: Thomas Anshelm, after 22 March 1512] if, as seems likely, the book is Proctor 11727. In no. 282 the Panzer reference calls for the date 26 July 1514 (Proctor 11784) while the edition printed 22 December 1513 is Panzer 9. 477. 1 (Proctor 11777). Jacob Wimpfeling, according to Proctor 10301 and the British Museum's General Catalogue, was the editor of no. 462 and the work was written by Henricus de Hagenoia. The observations just made, it must be emphasized again, mainly provide additional information, not corrections of editorial slips.

On the whole one can only congratulate Drs. Fisch and Schullian on a fine publication which all libraries and historians of medicine will be grateful to possess. One awaits with interest the catalogue of the incunabula and manuscripts belonging to the Army Medical Library, upon which Dr. Schullian is currently engaged.

Professor Nash's booklet is entirely in keeping with the fine standards which have been set for its publications by Harvard's Department of Printing and Graphic Arts. Typography is pleasing to the eye and the facsimile of Dürer's drawing seems to be as good as the most modern technical processes permit. The book is a valuable "graphic accompaniment" for the earliest description of a printing press by Christopher Plantin (1567)—which was previously made available together with an English translation by the same sponsors (1940).

Professor Nash's text is, of course, based upon Dürer's drawing of a printing press in action and is a very good analysis of that pictorial representation. It is certain that Dürer, with his long association with the printing trade, had an excellent first-hand knowledge of the structure and operation of a contemporary press. Consequently his sketch of it, even though unfinished, is of great interest to the historical bibliographer—if we overlook one small but highly significant detail which seems to make the press nearly unworkable. The usefulness of Professor Nash's description is

heightened by the references to other writers and the literature on the subject of early printing presses.

It may seem captious to point to one very minor slip, but it seems to be the bounden duty of reviewers to do so. The first press at Nuremberg is usually considered to be that set up in (or just before) 1470 by Johann Sensenschmidt—not, as Professor Nash suggests, Anton Koberger's, which appears to have been established some time later.

CURT F. BÜHLER

VINDEL, FRANCISCO. *El arte tipográfico en España durante el siglo XV*

Madrid, 1945-1946. 2 vols. 13½ x 10 inches. [I]: Cataluña. xix, 258 pp. [II]: Salamanca, Zamora, Coria y reino de Galicia. xxxi, 306 pp.

The first two volumes of a most ambitious work on printing in Spain during the fifteenth century have been produced through the Talleres Tipográficos de Góngora in an edition of five hundred numbered copies with the support of the Junta de Relaciones Culturales of the Ministerio de Asuntos Exteriores. Not only do these volumes represent the best of present-day Spanish printing with an abundance of facsimiles, but the great work of the leading figure in Spanish incunabula studies. Francisco Vindel, whose love, enthusiasm and knowledge in this field derive from his father, the late Pedro Vindel, an internationally known antiquarian bookseller, has beginning with 1934 devoted his investigations and published studies to the problems and glories of Spanish incunabula printing, and has planned this series to consist of six regional volumes, each constituting a work complete and independent in itself. The first volume has the cover-title *El arte tipográfico en Cataluña durante el siglo XV*, and the second, *El arte tipográfico en las ciudades de Salamanca, Zamora, Coria y en el reino de Galicia durante el siglo XV*, thus emphasizing the completeness and independence of each volume.

Owing to the great rarity of the incunabula, in many instances known only in unique copies, Vindel endeavors to reproduce in facsimile so far as possible the most essential features of each known work in chronological order under the regions or places, giving bibliographical descriptions and data of value for the typographical art. In the preliminary study relating to printing in Salamanca, where one hundred twelve of one hundred fifty-one known works do not bear the name of printer, Vindel has ample opportunity to exhibit his knowledge and skill in arrangement and identification by typesets. In his own words, "esta obra, concebida con tal carácter

grafico-documental, no es una bibliografía más ni tampoco árida y monótona como las que carecen facsímiles, sino que ofrece incomparables ventajas para la identificación de los incunables sin dudas ni errores, siendo a la vez un libro de arte, exponente del bellísimo de la Imprenta, el más beneficioso descubrimiento de que goza la Humanidad."

Basic works of the celebrated incunabulist, Konrad Haebler, who died on December 13, 1946, cleared away many problems, making possible a work of the scope which Vindel has planned and is executing. Among the studies of Haebler may be mentioned the type facsimile collection under the title *Typographie Ibérique du Quinzième Siècle* (La Haye, 1902), the great bibliography entitled *Bibliografía Ibérica del Siglo XV* (La Haya, 1903-1917) and the study called *Geschichte des spanischen Frühdruckes in Stammbäumen* (Leipzig, 1923). These in turn had enlivened and incited many detailed and specialized studies in the field, particularly in Spain.

About eighty-five per cent of the books known to have been printed in Spain during the fifteenth century are preserved in Spanish libraries according to the estimate of Vindel. Among the three hundred and thirty-odd works registered and treated in the two volumes published, Vindel describes thirty-three titles unknown to Haebler, and locates outside Spain the only copies of nearly sixty titles, most of these being unique and five of them being in the United States. Of at least fifteen titles not a single copy is located. That only a portion of the typographic output in the fifteenth century has come down to us would seem a reasonable deduction from examination of the chronological table in the first volume dealing with Catalonia. Vindel does not lay claim to having catalogued all existing Spanish incunabula, and would welcome notice of any that may be discovered as well as note of necessary corrections.

Studies on the history of printing are the richer for the work of Francisco Vindel, and subsequent volumes of *El arte tipográfico en España durante el siglo XV* will be awaited with much interest.

JAMES B. CHILDS

ROJO, DIOSDADO GARCIA, and GONZALO ORTIZ DE MONTALVAN. *Catálogo de incunables de la Biblioteca Nacional*. Madrid, Patronato de la Biblioteca Nacional, 1945. viii, 622 pp. 16 plates. 9¾ x 6¾ inches.

The catalogue of the incunabula now in the National Library at Madrid is a useful addition to the literature on the subject. For the first time, a student can conveniently learn what books are to be found in this important library. Naturally enough, the chief interest will center on the Iberian in-

cunabula, of which some 297 are listed—almost exactly a third of those included in Haebler's standard work of reference. Thus, as a collection of the earliest Spanish books (only two are Portuguese), the National Library's holdings are significant. Included among the number are many scarce and interesting books printed in 19 different towns, six of which (Gerona, Monterrey, Murcia, San Cucufate, Valladolid and Valldemosa) were not represented in the British Museum in Proctor's day.

Viewed as a whole, however—and even though 90 printing-towns are listed—the catalogue reveals that this collection is singularly unbalanced. Of slightly more than 2,000 incunables included therein, over 1,200 are Italian and the books produced in only four cities account for more than half of the entire collection (Venice-615, Rome-246, Lyons-104, and Milan-95). Again 135 of the Roman books were produced by the presses of Stephan Planck and Eucharius Silber, while the more distinguished Venetian printers Johannes and Vindelinius de Spira are represented by a mere dozen books. North Europe is barely represented (there are, for example, but seven Mainz and two Leipzig books listed) and England, Denmark, Sweden and the former Austria-Hungary not at all.

The catalogue cannot, unfortunately, be considered a bibliographical tool in its own right. Certain features of the arrangement are curious. Christian names appear in both the Spanish and Latin forms; one must, therefore, search under both Juan and Johannes, Tomas and Thomas, Pedro and Petrus, etc. In no. 1125, Laudivius is the author-entry although the work is usually (and more reasonably) entered under Mahomet II. Collations are given only in the cases where books are signed and are not "inferred" for the unsigned ones; for the difficult Mombritius (no. 1311) the collation has gone somewhat awry (*cf.* BMC VI:736). Unfortunately the types are not enumerated or described; for those books judged by the authors as "undescribed" this is doubly unhappy.

The books previously described in detail by Hain (and his successors), Haebler, Pellechet and the *Gesamtkatalog* are not supplied with quasi-facsimile reprints of text—though such passages are provided in the case of books not listed in these bibliographies. However, it is singular (to say the least) that the British Museum Catalogue was not also drawn upon. Thus incunabula included in BMC are treated as undescribed (for example, nos. 793, 1171, 1220 and 1222 which are amply described in vol. IV of BMC, pp. 68, 123 and 70). Conversely two editions of Eyb's *Margarita poetica* (nos. 771 and 772) are listed in short without place and printer assignment because they are thus cited by Hain-Copinger (6823-6824), though

BMC (V:586 and 417) assigns them to [Venice: Unknown Printer] and [Venice: Joannes Rubeus Vercellensis]. Other reference books not consulted by the compilers, though these would have simplified their work and amplified the catalogue, include the standard works by Polain, Campbell, Fava and Bresciano, Voulliéme and especially (in view of the nature of the collection) the *Handbuch der iberischen Bilddrucke des XV Jahrhunderts* by Martin Kurz. In the index of places, one rather unexpectedly finds Maestricht, which, upon consulting the item, turns out to be a slip for Utrecht.

Whatever its drawbacks, this catalogue will nevertheless prove useful for anyone who wishes to know what the Biblioteca Nacional contains and it will be especially valued by those interested in the early Spanish printers.

CURT F. BÜHLER

BENGTTSSON, BENGT. *Stockholms konstförvanter: teknik och arbetsförhållanden under 1800-talets första hälft*. [Stockholm, Printed by V. Petterson, 1946.] 13, 175 pp. Plates, facsimiles. 7½ x 10 inches.

Hardly another country in Europe reflects general conditions in the printing industry so accurately as early nineteenth-century Sweden. Most innovations in the printing press came from Germany and England, but Swedish printers adopted the new devices quickly. On the other hand, conditions which existed in the printing industry in Sweden (and elsewhere) at the time of these changes were not too different from what they had been for three hundred years, and this detailed account is important as a good general description of pre-nineteenth-century printing as well as of printing during the period it purports to describe.

Those fifty years were exciting ones: the evolution and modernization of the hand-press in such new forms as the Washington, the Columbia (with its Yankee eagle perched overhead), the Hagar; the introduction of Friedrich König's steam press; the advance of stereotypy; improvements even in the composition of ink. The old system of apprenticeship and shop organization was still in its heyday (wet chapel and all), and we have a splendid account of it taken from the Typografiska Föreningen's *Jubileumsskrift* of 1896 signed by "—et." Wages, cost of equipment and maintenance, living expenses are discussed authoritatively on the basis of contemporary records.

Herr Bengtsson had excellent sources for his story. Especially valuable was a series of letters, preserved in the collections of the Royal Library in

Stockholm, from the printer J. P. Lindh to his brother N. M. Lindh in Örebro. Detailed accounts of machinery and economic conditions were set forth informally and much more informatively than in the manuals of typography and descriptions of individual houses which appeared in a rash towards the beginning of the century. Illustrations from the Officina Typographica in the Skansen (Stockholm's open-air museum),¹ from the old equipment of printing houses over a century and a half old, and from contemporary manuals lend a graphic meaning to the text. Documentation is exact but not pedantic.

This study points the way for similar investigations in other countries, not merely as contributions to the industrial and economic histories of those jurisdictions, but also as extensions of our knowledge of the nature and conditions of the printing craft in past centuries.

LAWRENCE S. THOMPSON

American Book-Prices Current. A Record of Literary Properties Sold at Auction in the United States during the Season of 1946-1947. In Four Parts. Part I: Books. Part II: Autographs and Manuscripts. Part III: Broad-sides. Part IV: Maps. Edited by Edward Lazare. New York, R. R. Bowker Company, 1947. xlvii, 623 pp. 8¾ x 6½ inches. \$12.50.

The current volume of ABC covers an auction season marked by the sale of *The Bay Psalm Book* and five copies of the *First Folio* of Shakespeare. In all some seventeen thousand items are noted from the season's one hundred and thirty-one sales.

Several changes in layout should be noted. Among these are a simplification in the coding of sales, and a clearer distinction between copies and editions.

FRED B. ROTHMAN

FWER, LOUIS B., ed. *Bibliography of Historical Writings Published in Great Britain and the Empire, 1940-1945.* Oxford, Basil Blackwell, 1947. xx, 346 pp. 10 x 6½ inches. \$10.00.

Mr. Louis B. Frewer's *Bibliography of Historical Writings* is published as a temporary stop-gap in view of the fact that the editors of the *Internation-*

¹ An interesting stunt took place in the winter of 1947 at the Officina Typographica, when Stockholm's Typografiska Gillet dressed in early nineteenth-century costume and printed, with types and presses over 100 years old, a translation by Carl Björkbohm of a description of a French provincial print-shop in Balzac's *Illusions Perdues*.

tional Bibliography of Historical Sciences have not yet been able to cover the war years and there is little prospect that they will be able to do so for some years to come. One must have seen the havoc which World War II created in European learning, as in everything else, to realize the difficulties certain to be encountered in any future effort at bibliographical completeness.

Mr. Frewer, Librarian of Rhodes House, Oxford, has therefore gathered up British material for the years 1940-1945, thus making it available at once—a matter of great importance at this particular time, as genuine research into this period begins to get under way. He anticipates that this preliminary bibliographical study will eventually be incorporated into the *International Bibliography*—"when, as, and if."

Though primarily dealing with British historical bibliography, his lists include American university press titles, if published in Great Britain by the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses. In this respect, however, they do not appear to be absolutely complete, and scholars will have to supplement them from American sources.

The book is well arranged, well indexed, and, considering the difficulties under which it was produced, reasonably complete. Its excellent format suggests that British publishing is recovering from wartime shortages and returning to its usual high standards of design, paper, print, and binding. Though intended merely for temporary use, the new bibliography's convenient size and admirable arrangement are likely to make it a useful desk book even when more complete lists become available.

JOHN BAKELESS

The New Colophon; a Book Collectors' Quarterly. Volume I. Part One. New York [Duschnes Crawford, Inc.], 1948. 106 pp. Illus., facsimiles, 1 color plate. 11 x 8 inches. \$15.00 a year.

The New Colophon made its appearance in the western hemisphere simultaneously with the new comet, but under considerably brighter conditions of visibility. Instead of three tails, the phenomenon was attended by its usual three fixed stars, the editorial board which guided the fortunes of the old *Colophon* before it went into temporary eclipse in 1940. This trio, it is hardly necessary to add, comprises Elmer Adler, John T. Winterich, and Frederick B. Adams, Jr. The colophon of *The New Colophon* states that the latter "continues the franchise of the original *Colophon*, established in 1928 and published by Pynson Printers, Inc., at New York. *The New Colophon* was printed by The Anthoensen Press of Portland,

Maine, and distributed to twenty-five hundred subscribers . . .” The advantages of being printed by one press are obvious, though they do not entirely blot out fond recollections of the (occasionally rather wild) unity in multiplicity of *The Colophon* when its papers were executed by separate presses.

One would hardly know that the quarterly had been absent seven eventful years, so little has it changed. Some pleasant discoveries in the literary world are still pleasantly described, as in Lawrance Thompson’s leading article on *An Early Frost Broadside*. Dard Hunter writes of his long association with Elbert Hubbard of the Roycrofters, and incidentally “debunks” the legend that Hubbard built around Captain Rowan and his Message to Garcia. In an essay reminiscent of Burton E. Stevenson’s *Famous Single Poems and the Controversies Which Have Raged Around Them*, Jacob Blanck rescues Williston Fish’s effusive *Last Will* from the various maniacs and paupers to whom it has been attributed. The popular *Breaking Into Print* series is continued by the late Gertrude Stein, p.p. Donald C. Gallup of Yale, who contributes a vastly entertaining account of the events leading up to the publication (paid for by Miss Stein) of her *Three Lives*. On the graphic end, Allen Evarts Foster describes his collection of prints of *The Flight into Egypt*, and Carl Zigrosser writes on *Ten Years of Serigraphy*, illustrated by a singularly attractive specimen of silk screen stencil printing, in three transparent colors, by Leonard Pytlak. James D. Hart, author of *The Oxford Companion to American Literature*, contributes a characteristically thorough paper (*A Puritan Bookshelf*) on books collected and read by Massachusetts colonists. Two new departments have been set up: *The Court of Appeals*, a notes and queries section by David A. Randall, and *A Scrapbook of Strays* (pieces of fugitive printing) by Paul McPharlin, who is also responsible for the Graphic Accoutrement of *The Baker Street Journal*.

It is good news that *The Colophon* is here again, and, in all probability, back to stay.

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE

HARTER, EVELYN. *Printers as Men of the World*. Printed for The Typophiles, New York [by the Peter Pauper Press, Peter Beilenson, Mount Vernon, New York]. 60 pp. 11 portraits in collotype. 7¼ x 4¾ inches. \$3.50.

At some now far distant date, let us hope, there will be an obligation upon this department to appraise the considerable contribution being made

by Paul A. Bennett and the organization of The Typophiles of New York through their *Chap Books*. Ordinarily these are only secondarily bibliographical, but they have already made an impress upon contemporary nice book-making, and provided pleasing additions to the stock of handy little books that have to do with the manifold aspects of the graphic arts, without which there would be no bibliographers.

The sixteenth and latest issue is a development of a paper prepared for the Society of Printers of Boston, a group of craftsmen whom the author flattered by taking it for granted that there was no need of critical judgments or of doing more than mention the names of the eminent practitioners of the craft in the past, culled from a Chronology of Books and Printing from 300 B.C. to 1936, the latest date in the bibliography. In stressing the fact that there could have been successful working printers in times past who were at the same time "Men of the World," a phrase that takes some defining, she overlooks the two outstanding Americans than whom she could find no more convincing exemplars, Theodore L. De Vinne and Berkeley Updike. There is a long paragraph bemoaning the confusions that result from the fact that "Binders and papermen, ink-makers and machinery manufacturers have always had a proprietary air about printing." She contributes a sixty-page book in which the word "bookmaker" nowhere appears.

GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP

WINSHIP, GEORGE PARKER. *Daniel Berkeley Updike and the Merrymount Press of Boston, Massachusetts, 1860, 1894, 1941*. Rochester, The Printing House of Leo Hart, 1947. x, 141 pp. \$5.00.

The public as well as the trade and craft of bookmaking have become well aware that in the past half-century printing history has been made, and that much of this history has been made in the United States. The all-important records of this history are in the output of the presses, and a fully awakened interest in printing and bookmaking makes it happily certain that these records are complete and will be kept so. It seems equally certain that there will be a steadily growing literature on this period of printing, and that this literature will include studies of the leaders of the movement as well as analyses of their technical accomplishments.

The material about Daniel Berkeley Updike (1860-1941) must begin with his own superb writings, *Printing Types*, *In the Day's Work*, *Some Aspects of Printing*, and the introduction to *Notes on the Merrymount Press*. To these must now be added *Daniel Berkeley Updike and the Merrymount*

Press by George Parker Winship, issued as the initial volume in a series to be called *The Printer's Valhalla* by the Printing House of Leo Hart in Rochester. For twenty years librarian of the John Carter Brown Library and for twenty more librarian at Widener, Dr. Winship's peculiar competence to produce a valuable book on Updike is proven by the result.

Updike and his printing cannot be explained by ordinary rules of art and craft development. He had no family background of printing, he had no apprenticeship. Quite by accident he came into the business of publishing, was attracted by the problems and needs of production, and threw himself into that field of work where his sensitive taste and sound business sense, his untiring zeal for each undertaking, and his happy relation to his associates gave the Merrymount Press its permanent place in printing history.

Everyone who came to know Updike well and who worked with him realized the peculiar driving genius of the man. Many have already recorded their impressions: W. A. Dwiggins, Thomas Cleland, Rudolph Ruzicka, Stanley Morison, David Pottinger, Lawrence Wroth and others. Each one adds to our understanding of the man and his career.

Dr. Winship nearly twenty years ago wrote a brief introduction for a volume issued by Herbert Reichner in Vienna, entitled *The Merrymount Press of Boston*. His new book, of some five or six times the extent of that first study, is especially valuable because he knows by instinct, by association, by common tastes and by study of the Updike background the main-springs of his long career. We come to see through him the importance of a youth spent in individualistic Rhode Island, of the ties of the Updikes with the Episcopal Church, of the influence of his highly cultured mother, and of the comradeship with Harold Brown of Providence, with his similar tastes and interests. Only by understanding the part these elements played in the making of D. B. Updike, Boston printer, can we understand that passion for perfection which drove the master of Merrymount to a half-century of steady development. "Throughout his career," ventures Dr. Winship, "his outstanding achievement was the uninterrupted production of printed matter that met the desires as well as the requirements of ordinary readers more completely as well as more satisfactorily than anyone else has ever done."

Dr. Winship is particularly careful to outline how various were the types of clients the Press served. Updike produced work for trade publishers, some of whom, like Crowell, Scribner, and Brentano, were early customers of Merrymount for their trade and special publications; for national cultural institutions; for private book clubs; for the old families of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, as the Amorys and Hazards; for the

Episcopal Church, as in *The Altar Book* and *The Book of Common Prayer*; and for his own Merrymount publications such as *The Humanist's Library*.

The development of the printer and the press are well suggested by the fifteen chapter heads, such as *Formative Influences*, *Specialization*, and *Consummation*. The volume is made more useful by an index and by forty specimen Merrymount pages which have been selected for reproduction, again reminding us of the variety of the work, to all of which the Press gave equal care and attention. The reproduction of *The Altar Book* announcement is folded into a front pocket.

At some point in its production a misspelling of Hans Christian Andersen (p. 31 and index) slipped by; also of Henry Van Dyke (p. 35, 36 and index) and of Mary Newill, illustrator of *The Nightingale* (p. 31).

Four other titles of this *Printer's Valhalla* series are announced, and particularly timely should be the volume on Isaiah Thomas by Clifford K. Shipton, for the two hundredth anniversary of his birth next January is certain to be widely observed.

FREDERIC G. MELCHER

THE AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE

PAYSON G. GATES of Scarsdale, New York, is a collector and student of the works of Leigh Hunt and William Hazlitt.

DONALD C. GALLUP is Curator of the Collection of American Literature and Assistant Professor of Bibliography at Yale University. He is the author of bibliographies of T. S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein.

KENNETH CURRY is an Associate Professor of English at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tennessee. He has published articles in *PMLA*, the *Review of English Studies*, and *The Philological Quarterly* and is currently engaged upon the editing of the unpublished letters of Robert Southey.

This issue of the PAPERS was edited by EARLE F. WALBRIDGE, Reference Assistant at the Washington Square Library, New York University, and editor of the three previous numbers.